

# IBRAHIM

THE

## Illustrious BASSA.

### A TRAGEDY,

Acted by Their MAJESTIES Servants.

---

Written by ELKANAH SETTLE, Servant to  
His MAJESTY.

---

—Te  
*Nos facimus Fortuna Deam---Juven.*

---

Licensed May the 4th. 1676. Roger L'Estrange.

---

LONDON,

Printed for Tho. Chapman, at the Golden Key, over-against the  
Mause, near Charing-Cross. 1694.

# Actors Names.

Solyman the Magnificent,  
Ibrahim, the Vizier Bassa,  
Ulama, the Sophies Son and  
    *Heir of Persia,*  
Morat a Bassa,  
Muphti,

Mr. Batterton.  
Mr. Smith.  
Mr. Harris.  
Mr. Medbourn.  
Mr. Gillo.

## W O M E N.

Roxolana,  
Asteria, Solyman's Daughter,  
    *and Roxolana's Favourite.*  
Isabella, a Christian Princess.  
Mirva.

Mrs. Mary Lee.  
Mrs. Corar.  
Mrs. Batterton.  
Mrs. Hughes.

Bassas, Mutes, Janizaries, and other Attendants.

The SCENE.

## SOLYMON'S SERAGLIO.

T O

TO THE  
DUTCHESS  
OF  
ALBEMARLE.

MADAM,

**W**Hen I consider what favourable Reception my first humble Supplications in this kind have had from your Graces Hand, I cannot think my Duty fully paid, nor my Adoration sufficiently exprest, till I Dedicate my whole Life and Labours to your Grace. 'Tis not one act of Devotion that can make a Zealot; and therefore as I made a Present then, I pay you a Tribute now. And though this Poem has but little Merit of its own, yet encouraged by the Honours it has received, like Pages to Princes; it owes its Boldness to its Education; and since your Grace gave it leave to be a troublesome Guest at New-Hall, it lik'd the Entertainment so well, that it resolves to Live and Die there; and 'tis an Ambition in some respect to be justified; for Poetry should always make up part of the Trains of Princes, especially theirs whose Excellencies are so Divine a Subject for it. Under that shelter I approach your Grace, when I must own I have play'd the Plagiary in making the Dutchess of Albemarle the Pattern for my Roxolana; only with this difference, I have copy'd below the Life. Your Grace has all her Vertue, without the alloy of her Vanity; and this advantage above her, that Your Grace possesses those Charms which Story never attributed to Roxolana; Her Beauty could subdue, but not secure her Solymán. But your Gra.

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

ces Victories are more compleat ; For if our English Chronicle (spight of the fashionable liberty of a Licentious Age) would Character the perfect happiness of a Princely Pair, it must describe the influence of the Dutchess of Albemarle over the unalterable Affections of her Lord: And as in Duty to such eminent Virtues, and such infinite Perfections, even the most ill-natur'd Age unanimously speaks of your Grace with Veneration ; and to secure that Fame your Virtues have so justly acquired, your Grace is as Cautious in the preservation of it : But so impregnable are your Sacred Principles of Honour, that your Graces Care in that, is but like His, who raises Bulwarks to defend that Town, which of it self before was inaccessible ; nor can I more reasonably impute the Duke of Albemarles, and your Graces more frequent Residence at New-Hall, to any other than a true English Nobleness ; as knowing that your Greatness can better fill a Court than make a part of one. I could be very prolix on so excellent a Theme, for 'tis easie to Write where all Mankind Dictates ; and I must confess 'tis the highest Bliss of an Author, to have those Patrons whose Merits are above Flattery, where the Titles of Great and Good may be given without a Blush. This made Horace speak so largely in the Commendations of his Mæcenæ, and Juvenal says so little in the praise of Trajan : For my part I account it my chief Happiness to have been a Witness of your Graces Greatness, and my highest Contemplation to be an Admirer of it. The humblest of which Admirers, is,

MADAM,

Your Graces Most Obliged,

Most Devoted, and

Most Humble Servant,

ELKANAH SETTLE.

PRO-



# PROLOGUE.

**A** Pplause is grown a strange Coy Mrs. now;  
Court'd by all, and yet obtain'd by few.  
'Tis true, when any Favorites Plays appear,  
Then Kindness and Good-nature brings you here:  
And to secure the Censures of the Town,  
The Pit is fill'd with friends in the Fore-noon;  
And those five long expecting Hours you stay,  
Are spent in making Proselytes to th' Play.  
Such Favour is not common; nor are Wit  
And Sense the only means of gaining it.  
That happy Man, the Author you commend,  
Must be at once a Poet and a Friend:  
Honour'd by the acquaintance of the Great;  
His Conversation Eminent as his Wit.  
And as the effect of your kind Influence,  
We've seen such refin'd Fancy, so much Sence,  
Such Plays as do deserve so much Applause,  
They need no favour to support their Cause.  
But since our Author wants that Interest,  
And those perfections which delight you best;  
And none of those kind leading Votes can boast,  
Let not his Play for his hard Fate be lost.  
What if our Author be not one of You;  
Wit should like Coy'n pass currant from a Jew:  
And should not its Esteem like Medals hold,  
Where th' Image more then weight gives price to th' Gold?  
Gallants, let Wit the Fate of Beauty find;  
Be to it, wheresoe're you meet it kind:  
I'm sure Variety best pleases there.  
The Mrs. you maintain Gay, Brisk, and Fair,  
Does not so much your stock of Kindness reap,  
But you can spend some Hours on Joys more cheap.  
And so  
On humble Writers let some favours fall;  
Let not the Dons of Wit engross you all.

EPI

## EPILOGUE.

**H**ow many has our Rhimer kill'd to Day ?  
 What need of Siege and Conquest in a Play,  
 When Love can do the work as well as they ?  
 Yet 'tis such Love as you've scarce met before :  
 Such Love I'm sure as English ground ne're bore.  
 Had half the injur'd Ladies of this Age,  
 His Roxolana's kindness, and her Rage,  
 What heaps on heaps of Female-suff'rers here,  
 Would your good Men make Martyrs in one Year ?  
 But thanks to Heav'n you've not her fond Disease :  
 E'en let 'em range and wander where they please ;  
 You're not such Fools to think of poisoning yet ;  
 You want her Love, but you have twice her Wit.  
 Dying's a mode your wiser thoughts condemn,  
 You've a more pleasing way to punish 'em.  
 And should our Brood of Gallants take this rule,  
 And turn such Lovers as his Persian Fool ;  
 Kind Husband then might peaceably discover  
 An Affignation made 'twixt Sponse and Lover.  
 Leave you at Cribbage, let you see a Play,  
 Or take the Air in a fare Summers Day ;  
 Let you stay out in Masquerades whole Nights,  
 With twenty other Innocent delights,  
 And no harm done---- And yet how wilde so'e're  
 The humours of this brisk mad Age appear,  
 'Tis ten to one but th' Author still will say,  
 Your Vertues were the Patterns of his Play ;  
 And swear you down,  
 His Love and Honour both were stol'n from you ;  
 And from your Features he his Heroes drem.  
 There's ne're a Comick Writer but will say,  
 You're all of you the Patterns of his Play :  
 Yet takes your Piçtures at so damn'd a light ;  
 Paints you so Ugly, that your Looks would fright :  
 And yet their Plays are your most dear delight.  
 Why in your Hearts may not th' Heroicks share ?  
 Those make you worse, these better than you are.  
 And Flatt'ers sure should not successles prove,  
 When those that do abuse you have your Love.

Ibrahim

# IBRAHIM,

The ILLUSTRIOUS

## BASSA.

---

### ACT I. SCENE I. The Seraglio

Enter *Roxolana*, *Mirva*, Guards, and Ladies.

*Mirva.* **T**He Turkish pow'r was absolute till now :  
All Knees, all Hearts did to the *Sultan* bow.  
Nay, Beauty too, by Heav'n and Nature made  
To Conquer Kings, in the tame crowd obey'd ;  
The World was searcht, and busie Nations strove  
To find out Martyrs for a Tyrants Love.

2. *Lady.* Even Daughters by their Parents were betray'd,  
Who their fair Race a willing Victim made ;  
In a Seraglio they Cloyster'd slept,  
For servile Love in shining Fetters kept,  
Till *Roxolana* the Long Bondage broke,  
And by her influence shook off the Yoke.

*Mirva.* Yes Royal Madam 'twas your Eyes alone,  
That could confine his wandring Heart to one ;  
And singly rule the Conquer'd *Solyman* :  
Beauty was ne'er a Monarch till your Reign.  
The glorious Sun shines by himself most bright,  
When Crowds, like Stars, make but a feeble light.

*Roxolana.* And *Mirva*, to confirm the Chains I gave,  
By Sacred Rites I've bound my Royal Slave.  
It has been mine, and only my Renown,  
T'have joyn'd a Nuptial Wreath t'a Turkish Crown.  
He saw me, and he look'd his power away ;  
Nor can years raize the Structures of that Day ;  
The Siege I laid, an Age cannot remove ;  
His Constancy's as great as is His Love.  
Men call me Proud ; yes, so might Heav'n be too,  
If its Adorers were but half as true.  
Homage to that, inconstant Mortals pay ;  
And Heav'n meets with Apostates ev'ry day.  
Brighter their Temples and their pow'r would shine,  
Did God's maintain their Altars, as I mine,

Enter.

## Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa.

*Enter Asteria attended.*

*After.* I come to lay new Honours at your Feet,  
In your returning Lord, a Conquerour meet.  
The Sultan does from Vanquish'd Persia come,  
From being fear'd abroad to be ador'd at home,  
By what the Arms of Solyman have won,  
The Turkish Moon Eclips'd the Persian Sun.

*Roxel.* Your Father, dear *Asteria*, has in you,  
A pious Herauld sound, and just one too.  
But whilst the Sultan's Conquest you expose,  
Is not Love shrowded in this Martial dress?  
Amidst the lowder Vows you pay to him,  
Does not the great and faithful *Ibrahim*,  
(To whose success the Sultan's glorie's dug)  
Extort some silent Veneration too?

*After.* I cannot but with blushes own his pow'r.  
*Ibrahim* is every where a Conquerour.

*Roxel.* Nay! Blush no more! His Victories remove  
That Barr, which has so long conceal'd your love:  
All that he is; all he has done's your due,  
Life, and the Sultan's Smiles he gain'd by you.  
At once a Condemn'd Criminal and a Slave,  
You rescu'd him from Fetters and a Grave.  
He, and his Conquests your Creations are,  
To you he owes them, and shall pay 'em here.

*After.* Grant this, and Heav'n, I'll make no other pray'r  
If the kind Destinies this wish fulfil,  
Let all the other works of Fate stand still.

*Roxel.* By my commands, you have conceal'd your flame,  
Till his Illustrious Deeds had rais'd his Fame,  
Above all Conquerours this Age can shew;  
The only worth that should aspire to you.  
Till then I bid you your low passion hide;  
And see how Heav'n rewards your noble Pride.  
In this high State, He may your Kindness know;  
You've made him God-like e'er you treat him so.  
Love like Religion in a mighty Mind,  
Should build those Temples which it does not find.

*After.* My Breast thus long has my Loves Jailour been,  
And kept by force the struggling Prisoner in.  
But oh! how much is my freed Soul at peace,  
When you pronounce the tiresome Slaves Release.

*Enter Solyman, Ibrahim, Ulama, Dorea, Bassaes, and Janizaries.*

*Solym.* Be this day's Pomp your care, in th' Aga's room, [to Dorea.  
Fix you my Standard in the Hippodrome;  
And as my Agent pay that Debt I owe;  
My Gratitude in *Ibrahim's* glory show.

Do

Do it with such Magnificence and State,  
As fits the Triumph which we celebrate.

[Here Solymán approaches and discovers Roxolana.

Roxol. Welcome the World's great Conqueror and mine;  
Enough before did your bright Luster shine.  
You needed not new Victories, new Charms,  
To welcome you to Roxolana's Arms.

Solym. Yes, I need all my glories, when you're near,  
I bring my Trophies as a Tribute here.  
Great, though I am, your pow'r is greater yet;  
The World to me, I, to your Eyes submit.  
Betwixt Loves pow'r and Majesty's this odds;  
The Vows Men pay to Saints, Saints pay their Gods.

Ibrab. Yes, Dorea, goe; raise this Triumphant Sear. [to Dorea.  
Let th'Entertainment be both rich and great;  
Let it have all that Majesty may dress  
In spoils of War or Ornaments of Peace.  
But then consider where that Honour's due;  
To him alone you must with Homage bow:  
Obey Him as my Sovereign, not my Friend,

Ulam. Oh Ulama, thy heart, thy heart defend. [Gazing on Roxol.

Roxol. Great and Victorious you must ever prove,  
Be but your Stars thus constant as your Love.

Solym. Their influence, is secure, I cannot fear  
Success nor Conquest whilst this Arm makes War. [presents Ibr. to her.  
For when my Ibrahim did to Persia go,  
Against the Sophy, my most pow'ful Foe;  
So Small his Forces were, so few his Arms,  
That they seem'd only fit to give Alarms,  
Not overthrows; sent but to rouse my game;  
But as the Light'ning till my Thunder came.  
Yet when my greater force ith' Field I drew,  
Expecting danger and a stubborn Foe;  
Expecting by long Sweat and Toyl t'have gone,  
Through Blood and Ruine to the Persian Throne,  
His wondrous Arm such Miracles had done,  
I came but to behold the Fields he won.

Ibrab. The Sultan's pleasure is that shining things,  
Should only be the Favourites of Kings. [To Roxolana.  
And shews his God-like Bounty when he takes  
Delight t'adorn the Creatures which he makes.

Solym. Though Crowns and Empires have his Triumphs been,  
There was one Trophy left for me to win. [To Roxolana.  
This Prince's heart; the bravest and the best  
Of all my Persian Foes; is Solymán's Guest. [presents Ulama to her.  
I have, to shew what to your Beauty's due,  
Brought the great Sophy's Son to wait on you.



## Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa.

*Ulama.* Your generous Lord such favours does conferr  
On *Ulama* his *Ibrahim's* Prisoner,  
That from my Chains, without a Ransom paid,  
Non only freed, but *Solyman's* Creature made,  
My overthrow I must Heav'n's blessings call,  
Who owe this Resurrection to my fall.

*Roxola.* His favours *Solyman* does not id'ly place,  
No doubt he found you merited that Grace.

*Ulama.* So eminent your *Sultan's* Vertues are ;  
I wonder not at his success in War.  
The Fates in Duty to such worth are kind :

Justly th'obsequious Destinies design'd.  
No other force should *Solyman* subdue ;  
As being the only Conquest fit for you,  
Was't not enough I was subdu'd at home ?  
Have I a new Captivity to come ?

On envy'd *Solyman* ! Oh infinite charms !  
My Eyes are more Ambitious than thy Arms !

} *Aside.*

*Solym.* But my dear *Ibrahim*, now is the time,  
I must accuse a Conquerour of a Crime :

You wear a look unfit for Victory ;  
In all the glories you have heap'd on Me,  
In Deeds that ought to make the Actor proud,  
On your dark Brow you wear a sullen Cloud.

*Roxol.* I have observ'd him with the same surprize,  
And markt a killing sorrow in his Eyes.

*Solym.* In this dejected look  
There's something more than modesty : Your Friend  
And King must know from whence those Clouds descend ?  
Do you repine at the loud Fame you get ?  
Or is't unwillingly you make me great ?

*Ibrab.* Unwillingly ! Forbear that killing sound ;  
Give not a Loyal Heart so deep a wound.  
Unwillingly ! not Misers meet their Wealth,  
Lovers success, despairing Sinners Health,  
Or Martyrs Heav'n, with half the joy, that I  
Can in your Cause, subdue, obey, or die.

*After.* My Life shall pay for one ill thought in Him,  
I'll answer for the Loyal *Ibrahim*.

*Solym.* But, my best *Ibrahim*, your griefs declare ;  
Can you have Sorrows, which I must not share ?  
Your troubles may be just, and by my Fault ;  
Perhaps I have not us'd you as I ought :  
Perhaps your merits are not Fully paid ;  
The Crowns that *Ibrahim* won, are not on *Ibrahim's* Head :  
But though my tardy hand has guilty been ;  
'Tis not too late to expiate that sin.  
Crowns thou shalt have——

*Ibrab.*

*Ibrab.* Oh Royal Sir, no more ;  
Bounty was never Cruelty before.  
So great, so large a present as a Crown,  
Is fit for *Solyman* to give alone :  
'Tis great, but 'tis not kind ; when you can think  
My soul t'a mercenary thought can sink.  
My thoughts from a more just ambition spring,  
'Tis all my Pride, Unbrib'd to serve my King.

*Solym.* Then tell me——

*Ibrab.* Oh the secret must not out——

[*Aside.*

*Roxol.* If not his kindness, then his pow'r you doubt :  
Can there be any thing disturbs your rest,  
As cannot be by *Solyman* redrest ?  
Think you his pow'r so little ? ——

*Ibrab.\** No, so great——

When yours joyns too, to make that pow'r compleat,  
'Tis infinite, like that bright boundless space,  
Where light and Saints their endless glories place :  
Within it all things and beyond it nothing.

*Solym.* Say then, from whence does all this darkness come ?  
Have I done injury to Christendom ?

Have any of my foreign pow'rs by steel,  
Or Rapine, wrong'd those Altars where you kneel ?

*Ibrab.* Love pardon dutys sin, when I reveal  
My lesser sorrows, but the great conceal ! } *Aside.*

Sir, when I bring,

The Lowness whence you drew me to my thought ;  
The change which your almighty hand has wrought :

Though he that rais'd it can support my state ;  
With trembling I behold my dang'rous height.

Malice and Envy will my life pursue,  
And strive to make me hated be by you.

How many of my predecessors fell ?

Nor could their Services their Dooms repel.

The faithful Vizier *Achmat*,

Rais'd *Bajazet* the Second to his Throne ;

And little less had Valiant *Chassan* done

For your great Father : Yet in all their pride,

Both by their jealous Lords suspected dy'd.

The fear of death my Trouble does not make ;

My Life and Honours you may freely take.

But when I think the fatal time may be

When you will but suspect my Loyalty ;

'Tis that strikes horror through my staggering fence :

No Torture like mistaken Innocence.

*Solym.* I thought to you I had made my breast so clear ;  
That you had nothing left to wish or fear.

But since my kind conjectures are not sure,  
 At once your weakness I'll forgive and cure :  
 I swear by *Alla* (and to bind my Vow,  
 Heav'n make me happy as I am just to you)  
 Whilst *Solyman* Lives, his *Ibrahim* shall not die  
 By any violent death.

*Ibrab.* Your favours are so high——

*Solym.* Forbear your thanks, 'tis only what I owe ;  
 Men thanks for Gifts, and not for Debts bestow.

*Roxel.* No, Sir, your constancy he cannot doubt ;  
 He knows his Prince too well for such a thought.

Why this disguise ? ——

*Solym.* I'll take this surer way ;  
 Though Friendship have no influence, Love may.  
 Here be your looks as Conqu'ring as your Sword ;  
 I call you Friend, and she shall call you Lord. [*Gives him Asteria.*]

*Aster.* That word my ravish'd sense does overcome : { *Aside.*  
 I feel my joys too mighty to be dumb.

*Solym.* Be to my Blood, as to my Soul ally'd :  
 Now have you thoughts, you from your King can hide ?  
 Have I not bought 'em yet ?

*Ibrab.* What shall I say ?

*Aster.* My Bliss was never perfect till this day.

*Roxel.* This Lady, whom in Chains you could subdue,  
 Admir'd by all, deserv'd by none but you ;  
 Enrich'd with *Solyman's* favours and above  
 All other Ornaments ; her greater Love  
 Meets you with all the kindness souls ere shar'd ;  
 Your Glories prize, your Loyalty's reward.

*Aster.* Do not too high her little Merit raise,  
 Who blushes but too much without this praise ;  
 Yet Sir——

By your commands I should all shame remove :

I need not blush when Duty bids me Love.

But, mighty Sir, if the o'er-hasty Guest,

By a too early Raign, this Seat possesse ;

Let th'easie prize not make the value less ;

Nor Love its merit lose for its excess.

A love which could not be by force expell'd ;

And now wants pow'r to keep its joys conceal'd.

*Solym.* To make her yet more worthy——

*Ibrab.* Great Sir, hold——

Let me alone this Beauties worth unfold :

'Tis I can best describe such excellence.

*Aster.* I feel new raptures in my soft'n'd sense !

*Ibrab.* Some Heroe whom Imperial Crowns adorn,

To greatness rais'd, and as much greatness born.

[*to Ibrahim.*]

[*points to her Breast.*]

[*Aside.*]

Some Prince that has so much Man-kind out-done,  
As should make *Solyman's* equal in his Son :  
'Tis such a one should Meet *Asteria's* Charms ;  
But I the most unworthy of her Arms——

*Roxol.* Where will this end ?

*Aster.* Some God that pity's Love, divert my fear.

*Ibrab.* So little pow'r of Gratitude dwells here !

[*Aside.*

*Aside.*

[*points to his Breast.*

That I am beneath your scorn, so wretched I,  
To reconcile my Fate beg leave to die.  
Yes, take my heart ; but when 'tis yours, it must,  
Be offer'd up in blood, to make it just.  
To give me back my Chains, would be too kind ;  
Let me in Death, Yours, and his Justice find.

*Soly.* Has *Ibrahim* Crimes make him deserve to die ?

*Ibrab.* I Criminal ! Oh none so much as I.

I am below the state of Infidels :

I view that Face where Sovereign Beauty dwells :  
Beauty, which homage, next to Gods, receives ;  
And commands Hearts, more than the Sultan, Lives.  
Yet, I to neither can Allegiance pay,  
Love my Preserver, or my Prince obey.  
Fair Mistress of my Life and Liberty ;  
The founder of my Fame, all I enjoy ;  
Th' ungrateful Creature of your Smiles destroy.

*Roxol.* Are *Solyman's* favours and his Blood abus'd ?  
And so much Love thus barbarously us'd ?

*Soly.* *Ibrahim* ! I am unwilling to believe,  
Such disrespect I can from Man receive ;  
Much less from Favourites : say then what is  
That Pow'r has destin'd me to suffer this ?

*Aster.* Ask not the reason of his disrespect,  
Let her describe the Cause, who feels th' effect.

My sighs with scorn, too fatally are paid :  
My Love's despis'd for some more happy Maid.

Look, Sir, on this sad object, and in me  
The sudden change of fading greatness see.

When I came hither, (oh my short-liv'd Bliss !)  
I'd not have chang'd my hopes of happiness,  
To have been Empress of the World : but now  
Not the most wretched of my Sex so low,  
Nor am I in my slighted Love alone  
Unfortunate, but guilty too ! I've done,  
What neither to my Sex nor Birth was due,  
Transgress'd the Laws of modesty, for you.  
So weak my Heart, so great my sufferings are ;  
I cannot hide my Love, nor my Despair.

[*to Ibrab.*

[*offers to go.*

*Roxol.*

*Roxol.* What do I live to hear; *Asteria*, stay—

*Aster.* No! let me take my hated sight away:

This freedom to the lost *Asteria* give;

In Crowds the Prosperous, not the Wretched live. [Exit *Asteria*.

*Roxol.* Who is that pow'rful Rival, for whose sake,

Your stubborn Heart her Beauty cannot shake.

For whom *Asteria's* favours, and her Blood,

Are priz'd as little as they're understood:

Yet name her not; already I have heard

Too much; if *Solyman* you lov'd or fear'd,

You would not treat him thus. You've wrong'd him more

Than all your Victories oblig'd before. [Exit.

*Solyman.* Go triumph in her sufferings and my shame,

And add this one proud Title to your Fame;

You from an injur'd King this Grace receiv'd;

You are the first disturb'd my peace and liv'd.

[Exit with his Train all but Ibrahim.

*Ibrahim.* Ruin'd at once so sure! Fate has made haste.

Who could believe that so few hours are past,

Since this undone, lost, despicable thing

Was fear'd by all the World, and favour'd by his King?

But now her Love refus'd, his Blood disgrac'd;

How are those Titles at one blast defac'd!

Oh Love! Oh *Isabella*! When thy Ear

Shall the dire sound of my misfortunes hear,

Give me at once thy pity and applause:

And whilst my Ruine has so dear a Cause,

Dying for thee; Fame to my praise shall tell,

That *Ibrahim* liv'd less Nobly than he fell. [Exit Ibrahim.

*The End of the First Act.*

## ACT II. SCENE, The Seraglio.

*Enter Ibrahim, and Ulama.*

*Ibrahim.* **H**As my refusal made no change at all?

**H**Does she not yet her wandering sense recall?

Tell me, she hates; she does—she must: how can

Such goodness love so barbarous a Man?

*Ulama.* Your Tyranny shakes not your Empire there;

The lost *Asteria* Loves you in despair;

With all her art and power she strives to assuage

The violence of her angry Fathers rage.

For your protection humbly on her Knees,

The Eloquence of Tears and Pray'rs she tries:

And all for him, by whose disdain she Dies.

}

Not



Not bleeding Saints for Martyrdom design'd,  
Are to their Executioners more kind.

*Ibrab.* Unhappy Maid, and more unhappy I,  
The Author of such killing Cruelty :  
Who see that Innocence such pains endure,  
And make those wounds which I must never cure.

*Ulama.* But whilst so long you *Solyman's* heart posselt,  
Why was your Love a Stranger to his breast ?  
The knowledge of a former Mrs. claim,  
Might have suppress'd *Astoria's* growing flame ;  
And so great pow'r as his might have prevail'd,  
T'obtain that suit where your own interest fail'd.

*Ibrab.* Even *Solyman's* pow'r had been a weak defence ;  
For know she's Daughter to a Christian Prince :  
Who by th'inveterate hate which long before  
Our Waring Families for ages bore ;  
Has with such furious rage, my Love pursu'd,  
As suffering *Genova* has felt in Blood :  
By the ill chance of War, 'Twas our hard doom,  
In three set Battels, to be overcome :  
My Family destroy'd, my hopes undone,  
The Field by her insulting Father won :  
I strait took Ship, and for new aids did fly  
To our Allies, the States of *Sicily*.  
And taken Prisoner by the *Algeriens*,  
I to that Voyage owed my *Turkish* Chains.

*Ulam.* Your Births being equal, 'twas unjustly done,  
He did not then embrace you for his Son ;  
When th'happy tye had made your Families cease  
Their hate, and reconcil'd a Nations peace.

*Ibrab.* 'Tis true, he might have been so just, but know,  
Hate thinks none equals, much less makes 'em so.  
So fierce his rage, so great was his disdain ;  
I durst not tell my Love to *Solyman* :  
Least my just King concern'd at my ill Fate,  
In kindness might have prov'd my Advocate.

*Ulam.* What danger could that cause ?

*Ibrab.* I fear'd that He  
Might for my sake have been deny'd like me.  
Too well I knew that would provoke his rage,  
And in revenge my angry King engage.  
But false to th'Christians cause I ne'er could prove,  
Nor take such Vengeance, though for injur'd Love.  
Far be't from me to shake her Father's Throne,  
Or touch his Life, whence she derives her own.  
More I could bear, and greater wrongs o'ercome,  
To be the Champion Friend of Christendom.

*Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa.*

*Ulam.* With this just Love, to *Solyman* I'll go,  
And try what Reason, joyn'd with Pray'rs can do. [Exit *Ulama.*

*Enter Dorea.*

*Dor.* Great Sir, a *Bassa*, newly come on shore,  
In *Rustan's* name admittance does implore;  
By a command from him he humbly craves  
Your kind acceptance of some Christian Slaves.

*Ibrab.* From *Rustan*! Go admit him.

[Exit *Dorea.*

I've been by long and fawning Courtship prest,  
To reconcile him to the *Sultan's* Breast.  
But were his flattering hopes on Reason built,  
Were it in *Ibrahim's* soul to side with guilt;  
Did he but now behold my wretched state,  
He'd find me there but a weak Advocate.

*Enter Isabella, introduc'd by a Bassa, attended by Ladies.*

My *Isabella*! What bless'd Vision's this?

Am I awake, or do I dream of Bliss?

Thus let me seal assurance to my sense,  
And free my lab'ring thoughts from their suspense.

[kisses her hand.

This ravishing sight drives all my Clouds away;  
From my long Night, breaks out eternal Day.

How, Madam, after three long mourning years,  
Which I have languish'd out in sighs and tears,

Have you escap'd your angry Fathers Eye,

To bless this place with your Divinity?

How have you past the Mountains, Rocks, and Sea,  
Which so long parted my fair World and me?

*Isabel.* My Fate is in such mysteries involv'd,  
The riddle is not easily resolv'd:

Stoln from my Court, forc'd almost from the Tomb  
Of my dead Father—

*Ibrab.* Her Father dead!

*Isabel.* And after that become

Apsey to one unknown, rob'd of my peace,  
Freedom, and pow'r, expos'd to Winds and Seas;  
And what more dreadful is than all those Pains,  
The hazard of my Honour in my Chains;  
Through these rough Paths I have been guided here;  
But now I think my Sanctuary near,  
My *Ibrahim's* presence does dispel my fear.

}

*Bassa.* Those actions her mistaken Innocence,  
Has render'd such a Capital offence;  
Kind *Rustan*, Sir, did boldly for your sake,  
And for your preservation undertake.

*Ibrab.* For mine!

*Isabel.* For his! Oh let me hear no more,  
If all this rudeness was on *Ibrahim's* score;

And

And by your order I th' Abuse receive,  
I've heard much more than I can e'er forgive.

*Ibrab.* Can you believe me guilty but in thought  
Of that black Crime the impious *Rustan* wrought?  
Tho she's a Treasure I esteem Divine,  
By Sacrilege I would not make her mine.

*Bassa.* The Visier may all these excuses spare,  
For in this Rape, he, Madam, had no share.  
This Plot was *Rustan's* only, who by Spies  
Employ'd to observe you in your Privacies,  
Found you a Captive were to those bright Eyes.  
By some discourse 'twixt you and *Durea* made  
The secret of your Love was first betray'd.

to *Ibrab.*

*Rustan* knew too, her Father was your Foe,  
And that you'd ne'er consent to use him so:  
And fearing so much Love, Despair, and Grief,  
Might rob the World without some quick Relief,  
Unknown to you, he took this violent course,  
To obtain what kindness could not win, by force;  
And hopes that act may not a Crime appear,  
Which saves your Life, and cures a Kingdom's fear.

*Isabel.* But since my fate has brought me to this place,  
Where I once more behold my *Ibrahim's* Face;  
And safe in Duty and in Honour live,  
Tell him a Crime so kind I can forgive.

*Ibrab.* But say you saw your *Ibrahim* in Chains,  
Bound, during Life to bear the worst of pains;  
Rif'd of all his Honours, pomp, and Pow'rs,  
Could you in some dark Dungeon call him yours?

*Isabel.* Why Sir this cruel question? Can distress  
And change of Fortune make my Passion less?  
'Tis not true Love that ever can decrease.

But who dares load with Chains the Sultan's Friend,  
Can humane pow'r oppress what he'll defend?

*Ibrab.* Alas that friendship which once shin'd on me,  
Is set for ever: Call't not Vanity;  
When I must say 'twas my ill Fate to prove  
The object of the fair *Sultana's* Love.

And *Solyman* o'er acting Friendship's part,  
Made me an offer of a Daughter's Heart.  
Which Grace refus'd, too plainly I fore-see,  
The dire effects of slighted Majesty.

*Isabel.* And will my *Ibrahim* bear all this for me?  
Will he for me provoke the Sultan's Frowns,  
And for my sake neglect Life, Pow'r, and Crowns?

*Ibrab.* I could for you the worst of Fates sustain  
Death were my Pride, and if't had any pain,  
'Twould be to part so long to meet so late again.

## Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa.

*Isabel.* Kings are unlike their sacred pattern, Heav'n ;  
If their offenders cannot be forgiven.

Let him go on, his utmost rage fulfil :

And though he cannot frown, but he must kill ;

Confirm this constancy and Fate condemn,

Suffer more boldly than He can condemn.

And as I doubt not, since the Fault was mine,

But th' Author in th' Offenders doom shall joyn :

As your long Loves reward expect to see,

The Scene of Martyrdom fill'd up by me.

As in our Loves in Death together bound,

With greater Pomp and State we'll meet the wound,

Than Victims that were led to Altars crown'd.

*Ibrab.* But see the mighty *Solyman* draws nigh.

*Enter Solyman, Ulama, Morat, and Guards.*

See there the trembling Worlds Idolatry,

And such a Prince, whose merit is so high,

That he who steals from Heaven to make a Gift

Of homage there, may justify the Theft.

*Soly.* Do you not tremble when you see me here ?

*Ibrab.* No Sultan, I have reverence, but no fear.

*Soly.* And does not shame your guilty Conscience touch ?

*Ibrab.* Though *Solyman* in thunder should approach,

Still the same charming Majesty he wears ;

But if so great and sacred he appears,

To those that meet his Frowns, and tread on Graves ;

How God-like is He when he Smiles and Saves ?

*Soly.* *Ibrahim* ! What Guardian Angel have you here ?

My Furies vanish when such Charms appear :

What Lady's that ?

*Ibrab.* One, for whose sake I can

Meet Death, and stand the Frowns of *Solyman*.

*Soly.* Thy Love is bold !

But in her cause I can't admire thy Pride.

What unknown Nation did that Beauty hide ?

*Ibrab.* Sir, to my torment she has been hid too long ;

Too fierce her Gaoler, and her Gaol too strong.

'Till Fate at last clos'd up her Dragons Eyes,

And then by force brought the Illustrious Prize.

Heav'n this fair Mourner sent to attend my Grave,

To see your bleeding Victim in her Slave.

*Soly.* No *Ibrahim* ; you could not die before :

For *Solyman*, your Life's protection swore.

And now you must not suffer if you cou'd :

Such Beauty can appease my injur'd blood.

Though you've wrong'd Friendship, Friendship must forgive :

Who cannot die for her, can less deserve to live.

Beauteous unknown——

If thy fair Hand the Sacred Contract Seal'd, [to Isabel.  
Which must not be by any Pow'r Repeal'd ;  
That present from a Monarchs Hand accept, [gives Ibrahim to her.  
Which has for thee by Destiny been kept.

I should unjustly, in a Subject chide  
That constancy, which is a Monarch's Pride.

Ibrab. By your surprizing goodness overcome,  
Thus let his Duty speak, whom wonder has struck dumb. [kneels.

Solym. Rise Ibrahim ; is Justice in a King  
So strange, and so astonishing a thing ?

Isabel. Is this the Dungeon ? These the Chains ? false fear,  
That could suspect such Cruelty reign'd there !  
Sure you mistook the Judge, or I the Doom, [to Ibrab.  
Who find such vertue out of Christendom.

Solym. Justice and Nature here shall end their strife :  
Rich in those Charms enjoy a happy Life.

Ibrab. So vast a gift by so much mercy given !  
If Monarchs in their actions copy Heav'n,  
Your glory in that List must be the chief :  
Never was copy yet so near the Life.

Solym. Tho' Fate for this commanding Beauty's sake,  
Will not permit you should my blood partake,  
I will not be by Destiny out-done :  
I in a Friend will still possess a Son.

Ibrab. What means my King ?

Solym. All kindness to that Name.  
What ever envy'd Monarch does lay claim  
To this fair Race ; His glory I'll partake ;  
This Lady my Adopted Daughter make,  
With all the Rites and Pomp due to my blood,  
With all the Regal Ornaments endow'd,  
That ever did or can attend my Race,  
You shall in Her a Sultane's embrace.

Isabel. Forgive me, sleeping Father, when I must  
Thy Honours steal, and rob thy Sacred Dust,  
To pay new homage here. Great Solymán !  
Such matchless Vertues in your Bosom reign ;  
As without sin, Religion can controule,  
And swell th' Ambition of a Christians Soul.  
Let me thus low the mighty Title meet,  
And fall before a Royal Father's Feet.

[Kneels.

Solym. Rise and accept  
Not on my Bounty, but your merits score  
A Fathers Love.  
Pray Heav'n I have given no more,  
I have approach'd her killing excellence  
Too nigh, and feel in my transported sense,

[Raises her up.

} Aside

Some-



Something that says I'm by my Eyes undone :

And yet the Lawless wandring lights gaze on.

} *Aside.*

*Isabel.* Those numerous Trophies you've in Battel won

Gain you less Fame than this one act has done,

Your Valour there but Nations overthrew ;

Here *Solyman* does *Solyman* subdue.

*Soly.* At first I thought I gaz'd without a sin :

Friendship and Honour kept the Traytor in.

Now 'tis resistless ; whilst such pains she takes

To praise my Conquests, she a greater makes.

} *Aside.*

*Isabel.* How faintly Fame does *Solyman* present

In those weak names, *Great* and *Magnificent*.

Those attributes the Christian World does give,

And those from fear and Envy you receive.

If who but hear your goodness give no less,

What must the pay whom it vouchsafes to bless ?

*Soly.* What must you pay ?

O that strange word ! might I prescribe the way,

How those fair Eyes their Gratitude should pay ;

I Miser-like, shoud for such payment sue,

As would enrich my self the World undo,

But shame and Friendship interpose between

My wand'ring wishes, and that splendid Scene.

Fair Creature——

*Isabel* Generous Sir——

*Soly.* No more !

Think I've oblig'd you less, or if I had done

What might deserve applause, yet pay me none.

For since her Eyes have done too much before,

Why should her Wit advance the Conquerour ?

Since, I have the Mortal stroke already found,

'Tis torturing of me to enlarge the wound.

} *Aside.*

*Isabel.* Then what I must not, my whole Sex shall pay,

For the strange wonders of our Nuptial Day ;

Lovers shall in their Temples sing your praise,

And add their Mirtle Chaplets to your Bayes.

*Soly.* Fair excellence, no more : Here, *Ibrahim*, haste,

[*Gives her to Ibrahim.*

Begone and hold that Beauteous Treasure fast.

Begone, whilst I have power to bid you goe.

*Ibrab.* We have receiv'd his Royal Grace too slow.

His Daughters strugglings wrongs resume their pow'rs, [To *Isabel*.

Ler us retire whilst the blest Minute's ours.

*Soly.* Quick, fly with your rich Prize, lest you delay,

Till that Storm rise, will drown you if you stay.

[*Ex. Ibrab. and Isabel.*

And is she given into a Rivals Hand ?

Seiz'd and possess'd, and all by my command?

He

He from my bleeding Heart tears that fair prey;  
And in that Rape forces my Life away.

[*Ex. Attendants to Ibrahim and Isabella.*]

Stay Prince, to you, and to *Morat*, I dare  
The nearest Secrets of My Soul declare.  
I'm grown so alter'd, and deform'd a thing;  
In *Solym* you'll scarce find out your King.  
An impious and devouring flame has raz'd  
All in me that was good, all that was great defac'd:  
That like the World in its last Funeral fires,  
After that infinite Mass consum'd, expires;  
Where once so bright an Orb of glory was;  
Torments and Hell fill up the empty space.

*Ulam*. Those Thoughts, whence this disorder'd Language grew,  
Have some great cause:

*Solym*. Yes, and a strange one too.  
I'm practising the Giants War agen:  
I've seen that Heav'n I would unjustly win.  
In one mean act, my Honour I Dethrone:  
From *Ibrahim's* Friend, I am his Rival grown.

*Ulam*. For his, For hers, for your own glories sake,  
Some care of your declining Friendship take.  
Her, by your Kingly promise, you have made  
Your Daughter, him your Son, Rights which t'invade,  
Will so much stain your worth, eclipse your light,  
That your own Mirrour will your Soul affright:  
That he who once made trembling Nations shake,  
Will at his own surprizing Image quake.

*Solym*. These reasons my Conversion might have wrought,  
Were I not too much harden'd in my Fault.  
But *Ulama* I Love and must Enjoy;  
No Argument can that Resolve destroy.  
In this extream my desp'rate cause defend,  
Nor as my Reasons, but my Passions Friend.  
O tell me how

I may my Love without a Crime pursue;  
Sooth me, and flatter me, deceive me, do:  
Hide all those stains that make it an offence,  
And cheat me with a glimpse of Innocence.

*Morat*. What need of Cheats? Is their a happiness  
That the Worlds Lord should wish and not possess?  
You wrong your self, and our great Prophet too,  
To yield to grief, and not your joys pursue:  
Kings are his care, nor are their passions fir'd  
By common heat of Blood, but things inspir'd.  
'Tis the Eternal Will that does ordain  
Your Love or Hate; nor can that act in vain.

If your Bliss only by her Love's attain'd,  
 For you then she's by providence ordain'd.  
 Why to your self then, are you so unkind,  
 To feed your own despair; why, to Man-kind,  
 To let their Monarch languish; why to Heav'n  
 Thus to refuse what th'High decrees have giv'n?

*Solym.* No, kind *Morat*; our Prophet does ordain,  
 Monarchs with Honour should their joys obtain:  
 And when that Rock stops our forbidden way,  
 Pow'r must not climb where Virtue bids us stay.

*Mor.* Honour and Friendship safe, with all her charms,  
 That Beauty shall be lodg'd within your Arms.  
 Put his Allegiance to this glorious Test;  
 Tell him you Love, and make her your request.  
 When he shall know such ador'd greatness dies,  
 If not recover'd by that Ladies Eyes;  
 What will not so much Loyalty perform,  
 To guard his King from such a threat'ning Storm?  
 By Heav'n he will present her on his Knees.

*Solym.* Love ne'er makes Gifts so Prodigious as these.

*Mor.* Be not deceiv'd, your pow'rful influence try.

*Solym.* How, not deceiv'd? Yes, you deceive me.

*Mor.* I.

*Solym.* Yes and I thank you for the Courtesie.  
 Though all that you have said in my defence,  
 Are Reasons as remov'd from Truth and Sense,  
 As I'm from Peace: Yet such my Passion is;  
 I'm charm'd ev'n with Imaginary bliss.  
 Love, when thy pow'rs distracted fancies seize,  
 Hope in all forms: tho' ne'er so false can please.

*Ulam.* Recall your wandering Thoughts from such false Dreams,  
 And free your self from all these wild extreams:  
 This low desire and humble thought surmount,  
 And your own happier Scenes of Love recount:  
 Think of that dazling form, so far above  
 Natures less lights, your *Roxolana's* Love.

*Solym.* There! Oh 'tis there I'm lost! that only Name,  
 Brands my inconstancy with guilt and shame,  
 Her right I, irreligious I, have stole;  
 She, who so long has singly sway'd my Soul;  
 To whom I've sworn that Faith should ne'er remove,  
 And dedicated an immortal Love;  
 A Love so sacred, as should neither have  
 An end on this side, nor beyond the Grave:  
 Down go her Altars, and her pow'r decays;  
 To a new Saint I a new Temple raise.

[Ex. Sol. and Mor.]

*Ulam.* This secret must to *Roxolana*; she  
 Must hear her faithless Lord's Apostacy.

The early knowledge of this dang'rous Love,  
 May give her means her dangers to remove.  
 I'll waken all the forces of her Heart;  
 Rowze all her charms, her policy and art,  
 To re-establish her declining pow'r :  
 I to my Trust was never false before.  
 But am I false to oppose his Crimes! to serve  
 Such excellence, such greatness to preserve!  
 To be his Vertues and her Honours guard!  
 Friendship's a Tyrant, if't has Laws so hard.  
 But why did I see *Roxolana* last?  
 Why was that Jewel in the *Turkish* Diadem plac'd,  
 To shine so bright, and yet be priz'd no higher?  
 Can he, whom such Raies warm,  
 Be led astray by any wand'ring fire?  
 Well are thy Ensigns, the inconstant Moon;  
 Had she been destin'd to adorn my Throne,  
 She had met a kinder Clime under a *Persian* Sun  
 Yet though I Love, and Love too late—

*Enter Roxolana and Asteria.*

She's here!

The story is not for *Asteria's* Ear.

I'll watch the favour of a private hour.

[*Exit.*]

*Rox.* There was a time when my commands had pow'r.

*After.* Have they not still?

*Roxol.* Then Love that Traytor less;  
 And your obedience in your scorn express.

*After.* Love once by your consent my Brest did rule;  
 And can your Counsels change, and not my Soul?  
 No, sure; like Oracles such goodness spoke,  
 Pronounced what it meant never to revoke.  
 Hate, that rough Passion, Nature's worst disease,  
 Should be learnt only amongst Savages.  
 Thoughts more refin'd, and words of gentler Sense,  
 Should be the Precepts of such Excellence.

*Roxol.* Poor Innocence, abuse your self no more;  
 Think of Revenge, and those fond Tears give o'er.

*After.* Has *Ibrahim* deserv'd so ill of me?

*Roxol.* Can such apparent Crimes disputed be?  
 Such injuries, though by th'Offenders Fate,  
 You may Revenge, you ne'er can expiate.

*After.* Talk not of punishing so brave a Man.  
 Though hopeless I, his Love must never gain;  
 Call it his Fate, not Cruelty, when I  
 Must for some more deserving Beauty die.

*Roxol.* Your anger and disdain should swell the more,  
 For being injur'd on a Rivals score.

Who

Who can t'a meaner choice his Thoughts debase,  
And wrong his Life's Protectress and the Race  
Of *Solyman*; a man so base and rude,  
You ought to scorn for his ingratitude.

*After.* Ah Royal Madam, do not lay a Crime  
Upon the just and guiltless *Ibrahim*.

No doubt my Love came in too late an Hour,  
When his lost Heart was gone beyond his power;  
Seal'd by some Vows which I must ne'er recall.  
And should I be so guilty in my fall,  
As against Heav'n and Nature to repine,  
Because they have made Eyes more bright than mine?

*Roxel.* If Love, the payment of his Heart withstood,  
His Honour should have paid you with his Blood.  
But since he guilty live's abhor his Name;  
If Justice can't convert you, then let shame.

*After.* No more; already you too much have said,  
When your commands can never be obey'd:  
I ne'er can hate him; though his Loss must kill,  
My Murderer is my Lov'd *Ibrahim* still.

The World has not that Man, whose worth should buy  
My Life, when I for *Ibrahim* can die.  
Yet methinks Death I would not wish too near;  
I would not go to heaven till he comes there.

*Roxel.* Leave me *Astoria*; how can I endure  
To hear those ills, my Counsel cannot cure?

[*Ex. Astoria.*]

*Enter Ulama.*

*Ulam.* Pride of the World, in Beauty, Power and Love,  
Great here below, and no less great above:  
To *Solyman's* Throne by Divine Justice led,  
Which gave such merit to adorn that Head.  
Love, which in *Turkish* Kings no limits knew,  
But wide and spreading like their Ensigns flew;  
By the new Miracles your Beauty wrought,  
Its first and only constancy was taught.  
Whilst th'Emperors wishes in a Prize so rare  
Met all the World's delight, and center'd there.

*Roxel.* How *Ulama*! Is *Roxelana's* power  
Disputed, that it wants an Orator?

*Ulam.* No, Madam, there, where Empire's absolute,  
Your pow'r all should obey, and none dispute.  
But when some black tempestuous Vapours rise,  
And with an envious Darkness shade the Skies;  
We see the Sun behind a Cloud retire:  
Great Lights may be Eclips'd, though ne'er expire.  
Pardon that Tongue which must offend your Ear:  
And say  
There's a Storm rise in *Roxelana's* Sphere.

There



There is a Christian Beauty hither come,  
That has out-done the Arms of Christendom.  
The Turkish Crescents were Triumphant there;  
But their great Leader is a Captive here.

*Roxol.* Go on——

*Ulam.* And that which does his Pains increase  
Is, that this fair Invader of his peace  
Calls *Ibrahim* Lord; by a long-kindled Fire,  
In mutual wishes their twin-Souls conspire.  
Yet not the pow'r of Friendship, nor the sence  
Of infinite Charms, th'Almighty influence  
Of *Roxolana*; not this Glorious Piece,  
Enrich'd by Nature at so vast a Price,  
That 'tis undone; a Workmanship so great,  
As Bankrupt Nature never can repeat:  
Not all this dazzling Object can restrain  
Your wand'ring *Solyman* from Thoughts too mean.  
Such Thoughts that He, that's blest by your fair Eyes,  
And Lord of such a Treasure, should despise.

*Roxol.* And are your Conquer'd fortunes sunk so far,  
That to revenge the injuries of War,  
Wanting the pow'r to oppose his Arms, you dare  
Invade the Sultans Breast, & assault him there?  
When by so insolent a Treachery,  
You would raise Storms betwixt my King and Me?  
He who dares breath  
Against th'unblemish'd Honour of my Lord,  
That Honour which has been so long ador'd  
By th'World and Me, not Pray'rs nor Off'rings shou'd  
From my just rage protect the bold Blasphemers Blood.  
But thy rude Arrogance shall boast no more  
Th'indulgence of a gen'rous Conqueror.  
My Guards there!

Seize that Traytor.

[Enter Guards

[Guards, seize *Ulama*.

*Ulam.* A command

From you, I should not ev'n in Death withstand:  
But for some Minutes grant him a Reprieve,  
Who only for your service begs to live.

*Roxol.* Serv'd by such Treachery! Yes thy Canker'd Heart  
Deserves that glory, Traytor as thou art,

*Ulama.* He who dares falsly stain your *Sultan's* Fame,  
And impiously profane that Mighty Name,  
Deserves more Tortures than the rage of Fate  
Or Hell can give; for he deserves your hate:  
But if your alter'd *Solyman* lay by,  
Once in a Life his bright Divinity,  
For a frail thought; must he that knows, and he  
That tells the Miracle, Truths Martyr be?

If such I must be, let your pow'r dispence,  
 With Life enough to prove my Innocence.  
 It is enough my Sentence came from you,  
 I would not willingly seem guilty too:  
 He who from your displeasure meets his Doom,  
 Needs no more weight to crush him to his Tomb.

*Roxol.* Call *Solyman* perjurd, and have a pretence,  
 After that word to talk of Innocence:

*Ulam.* But Madam——

*Roxol.* Falsehood in *Solyman*! wer't writ'th Stars,  
 I'd not believe it: Through those Characters  
 Of Night, I should Heaven's spite and malice see,  
 And call their twinkling lights as false as thee.

*Ulam.* Would all I've said were false, and I that black  
 And monstrous thing your anger does mistake:  
 So much I *Roxolana's* bliss prefer  
 Before Life, Fame, and all that Men call dear:  
 That to unite her wandering Lord and her;  
 I wish by Death I could her troubles cease,  
 And be that Traytor to secure her peace.

*Roxol.* Your forfeit Head—but live—for should you die  
 By Death you would but end your Infamy.  
 Your Blood by me would be too nobly spilt:  
 Live branded with my hate, and your own guilt.

*Enter Asteria.*

*After.* Madam, my happy Rival is arriv'd,  
 And with such pomp by *Solyman* receiv'd;  
 With so much joy, as if the smiles he gave,  
 Should build a Monument o're a Daughters Grave.

*Roxol.* What do I hear? half he has said is true,  
 Release him.

[*Guards release him*]

What if all should be so too?  
 'Tis something strange, that *Solyman* should treat  
 His injur'd Daughters Rival in such state:  
 I fain would ask her—— but a sudden chill  
 Has seiz'd my blood; something methinks I feel  
 Like a cold damp came from that killing breath.  
 What will the truth be then; if but the fear be death?

[*Ex. all but Ulama.*]

*Ulama.* Are scorn and hate my Services reward?  
 Death with my Love compar'd's a task less hard.  
 Men dye with hopes of bliss, I Love with none!  
 Yet still I must adore where I'm undone.  
 Though by your pow'r unworthy *Solyman*,  
 Vain are my hopes, and endless is my pain,  
 My Pride shall be, I will my Love pursue  
 For less reward, with greater Faith than you.

*The End of the Second Act.*

[*Exit.*  
 ACT

ACT III. SCENE, A Room of State.

*Enter Ibrahim, and Isabella with Women-Attendants.*

*Ibrab.* **H**is generous Friendship that unites us now,  
Was that which did so long divide us two.  
For when as my long Services reward,  
Quitting my tiresome Honours I prepar'd  
To beg my Freedom, and returning home,  
To meet my only Joys in Christendom:  
One war scarce finish'd, still succeeded new,  
The Sultan found fresh Kingdoms to subdue:  
And whilst he had Foes to oppose, or Crowns to gain;  
My Passion with my Honour strove in vain.  
Still studying to discharge my mighty Debt,  
I lost my Freedom by deserving it:  
By my success to *Solyman* I grew  
Still more endear'd, and more remov'd from you.

*Ifab.* So much this Justice merits my Applause,  
That had you quitted such a Monarchs Cause  
Ignobly, though for me; so great a stain,  
Had made me share the wrongs of *Solyman*.

*Enter Solyman and Morat.*

[*Ed* Morat.

*Solym.* *Natbolia* up in Arms! I wish no more.  
Rebellion ne'er was welcome till this Hour.  
This Insurrection will auspicious prove,  
And aid me in my bold and dangerous Love,  
My fair Adopted, with that care and art,  
I'm bound to treat such infinite desert:  
That Trembling I approach, you out of fear  
To loose that favour which I prize so dear;  
When my Necessity my Tongue must force,  
To make a short, but an unkind Divorce.  
Start not at what your pleasure may withstand;  
'Tis only my request, nor my command.  
But if fair *Isabella* wou'd dispence  
With *Ibrahim's* absence to revenge his Prince.  
I'd beg my Valiant *Ibrahim's* Sword of you;  
The Insolent *Natolians* to subdue.  
His presence their Allegiance will restore,  
Who felt his Conquering Arm so late before.  
And though a while he does his Joys delay,  
He'll come more glorious to his Nuptial day.  
*Ifabel.* When *Solyman's* Honour, or his Dangers call,  
My Right's so little and my power so small:

I can't, or if I could, I should not stay  
 Their Hands, who at your Feet their Laurels lay.  
 Go fight, and conquer to adorn that brow :  
 Pay your vast Debt to this great Monarch due.  
 What ever my own private sufferings be,  
 When 'tis t'advance your Fame, I ought to see  
 Him rather die for you, than live for me.

[to Ibrah.

} to Solym.

*Solym.* Illustrious Maid, fear not his safe return.  
 Heav'n for your merit must have such concern,  
 That if his own, yet matchless courage cou'd  
 Not bring him safely back, your wishes wou'd.

*Ibrab.* My Pride, and my Devotion shou'd embrace  
 That glorious task, which your Imperiall Grace,  
 Upon your Creature, and your Slave confers.  
 But thus t'assert your Fame wou'd ruine Hers.

*Solym.* How *Ibrahim*.

*Ibrab.* Great Sir the very sound  
 Of a *Seraglio* will her Honour wound.  
 Virgins their Fame so cautiously support,  
 That she's not safe, though lodg'd in *Solym*'s Court.  
 I therefore beg our speedy Nuptials may  
 Drive both her Dangers, and my Fears away.  
 And till our Stars my safe return decree,  
 My Palace may her Sanctuary be.  
 But if the chance of War has not design'd  
 My Life, as Fortune is not always kind :  
 I at my destiny shall less repine,  
 To think my *Isabella* once was mine ;  
 Adding the Thoughts of one Days bliss below,  
 To that eternity to which I goe.

*Solym.* I can forgive thy fear, though 'tis unjust.  
 My well-known Virtue checks that vain distrust :  
 That Constancy which long has been my Fame,  
 And render'd a *Seraglio* but a Name.  
 Yet e're you go, I would compleat your Bliss :  
 But honour which commands that, hinders this.  
 So bright must *Isabella*'s Nuptial shine,  
 And I so great Solemnities design ;  
 That the o're hasty Cause which calls you hence,  
 Does to few Hours for that great work dispence.

*Ibrab.* Our Nuptials with less State——

*Solym.* It is unkind

To think so ill of what's so well design'd :  
 You slight my favours when you treat me so.

*Ibrab.* That word has silenc'd me. If I must go,  
 And go, e're I the Sacred Tye can bind,  
 Of th'unseal'd Treasure that I leave behind,

I make a Deed of Trust to *Solyman*.

[*gives her to Solym.*]

Here in my absence as a Father Reign.

To my great Lord her safety, I resign :

Whilst I subdue your World, do you guard mine.

*Solym.* Guard her! that charge not her best Angels can

Perform, with half the Zeal of *Solyman*.

Oh *Ibrahim*! could thy Innocence but guess,

With how much guilt I this fair charge possess!

'Twould chill thy Blood, and make an Ague there,

As great as is the burning Feavour here.

Methinks I in your looks discern a Pain,

That begs this Gift some Minutes back again.

Take her: Till that just right's perform'd, I'm gone:

Your parting Love admits no lookers on. [*gives her agen to Ibrah.*]

Conquest and Arms on him I did bestow,

To raise him once, but to destroy him now.

Love of all passions is the most Divine,

But when encompass't with such Crimes as mine,

By th'num'rous frailties that attend it, then

When we come next to Gods, we are but Men.

} *Aside.*

} *Aside.*

[*Exit Solym, and Morat.*]

*Isabel.* I bid you go; but guard your precious Life;

For endless, if you die, will be my grief.

I shall be left in a strange Court unknown,

Where my dear Fame may suffer, when you're gone.

Nay worse; left in a World, not worth my care

Or thought, when once my *Ibrahim*'s not there.

*Ibrab.* Beauty and Love so fair a Seat ne'er held.

Were not the Constant *Sultan*'s Bosom scald;

Were not his Heart, his *Roxolana*'s Prize,

I should suspect the Magick of your Eyes.

*Isabel.* Could *Solyman* be false, and by my pow'r,

Though absent, nay, though dead, yet rest secure;

Fear not in Heav'n assaults against her Love,

Which Crowns can't buy, nor Fate it self remove.

But could he love, there's little danger here.

What e're their pow'r is when my *Ibrahim*'s near;

He'll find, when you are absent, in these Eyes,

More to move pity, than gain Victories.

*Ibrab.* Surprizing Vertue; so much Extasy

In our next happy meeting I fore-see:

Did not the pain of parting make it less,

My joys wou'd ev'n grow fatal by th'excess.

But if the distant prospect is so clear,

How dazling will the bliss be when 'tis near?

*Isabel* When you are gone, as t'is resolv'd you must:

My Tears in solitude will be so unjust;

And



And I'll perform my Loves sad Rites so well,  
 As shall convert a Palace to a Cell:  
 And if the War should take your Life away;  
 (But oh far distant be that fatal day.)  
 From Courts, and from the tiresome world I'll fly,  
 And your just Mourner in a Cloyster die.

*Ibrab.* Oh matchless Faith! They who would search about  
 The World, to find thy Vertues equal out,  
 Must take a Journey longer than the Sun,  
 And Pilgrims die, e're half their race is run.

*Enter Asteria.*

*Asteria* here!!

*Iabel.* Do I my Rival see?

Is this the Beauty, you refus'd for me?

*Aster.* Fair enviy'd Maid! 'Tis not enough that you  
 Should only Conquer, you must Triumph too.  
 Your Beauty has no little Trophy won,  
 When it is prais'd by her it has undone:  
 See here a Monarch's mourning Daughter brought  
 To speak the glories by a Rival wrought:  
 Mrs. of more than all the World can boast;  
 Mrs. of all *Asteria's* hopes have lost.

*Iabel.* Can so much Beauty mourn? If there's that Breast  
 That can the force of those fair Eyes resist,  
 The Fault's in Fortune, not your want of pow'r:  
 I saw him first, and in the luckiest Hour:  
 You only came too late to gain that Heart;  
 And are in chance out-rival'd, nor desert:  
 But am I safe against such charms? I view  
 Fresh dangers in the Wonders lodg'd in you.

*Aster.* O do not fear that I'd invade your right;  
 I would not make him wretched, if I might;  
 If Destiny cou'd e'er have made me His,  
 His Soul all mine; in that high State of bliss,  
 I shou'd have pittiy'd King's; thought Crowns less dear;  
 To command worlds, not worth obeying here.  
 But could he now be mine, the dearer joy  
 He lost in you, would his Life's peace destroy.  
 But know I'd ne'er cloud him to make me shine;  
 I would not shake his peace though to crown mine.

*Ibrab.* Mirrour of Vertue! stop those Tears, and treat  
 Ingratitude at a much juster rate:  
 Your hate and scorn shou'd my deserts repay,  
 Cast not so ill those sacred Pearls away.

*Aster.* Not mourn for *Ibrahim*! yes! and die; but if  
 Fate for a while protects my weary Life,  
 'Tis only lent me to be kind to you:——

*Ibrab.* No longer this astonishing Theam pursue.

*Aster.*

*After.* O Sir, there hangs a Comet o'er your Head,  
A threatening Star in gloomy Horrors spread.

*Isabel.* Say, Madam, what's that Ruine that's so near  
Dangers are his Familiars, but not fear.

*After.* My Cruel Father——oh that Sacred Name!  
None but a Daughter to pronounce his shame!  
My Father, Sir, has laid his Vertue down,  
Has shaded all the lustre of his Crown;  
And in that black degenerate disguise,  
Has seen his *Ibrahim's* Saint with impious Eyes.

*Ibrab.* Tortures and Hell!

*Isabel.* Oh would this sound of Death,  
Had found a passage from some Villains Breath;  
Some Infidel or Hellish Minister:  
There might be hopes then my deluded Ear  
Had been abus'd, and some brib'd Traitor spoke;  
But there's too great Credentials in that look.

*Ibrab.* Quick, quick, dear Madam, kill apace; go on,  
Say what black Hour this Cruelty begun?  
How fatally the sudden Tempest rise,  
That would put out my light, and eclipse his.

*After.* To *Ulama* he has reveal'd his shame,  
'Tis from his Mouth, the fatal secret came:  
And that your sight may not his hopes debar,  
He takes the occasion of th'approaching War  
To make his passage free; whilst you are sent  
To conquer, 'tis a splendid banishment.  
But fly dear Sir, leave an Inhumane Court,  
Where glorious ills their gaudy pomp support.  
Fly to some kinder Clime;

Where both from dangers and from fears remov'd,  
For ever love, and be for ever lov'd;  
Free from all Jealousie, Cares, and distrust,  
Live a long happy Life when I am Dust.  
And Madam, do not think I am unkind  
In courting him, to leave his pow'rs behind,  
And all his Honours quit: You who can dwell  
Securely with such merit in a Cell,  
Will make your Joys the loss of Crowns supply,  
If you but love him half so well as I.

[To *Isabel*.

*Isabel.* Great *Solyman* has found an early Heir;  
Vertue has left his Breast to inhabit here.

*After.* But when I bid you flye, and from all harms,  
Remove you to be safe in *Ibrahim's* Arms:  
I make you happy, but with all the Pain  
Despairing Love and bleeding Hearts sustain.  
Forc'd by my Piety and Love, I must  
A Rival bless to make a Father just:

*Ibrab.*

*Ibrab.* But Madam, when she's safe, safe in my pow'r,  
From splendid Goals, and Rival Kings secure :

Then what requital can I make, who owe  
My Life, and all that makes Life dear to you.

*After.* The payment I shall ask, will easie be ;  
Only remember you were sav'd by me :

And if my memory be worth your care,  
Then I'm o'er-paid for all my favours here.

*Ibrab.* Fear not my payment then if that be all,  
On you, as on my Tutelar Saint I'll call.

*After.* What you resolve, must instantly be done ;  
Whilst we discourse the precious Minutes run.

*Morat,* and his Confederates haunt this Ground,  
And ev'n her Guards already watch her round.  
But for her safety I have found the way.

*Ibrab.* Speak Author of my Heav'n, and I'll obey.

*After.* You know what *Turkish* custom  
Has with th' Imperial Daughters long prevail'd ;  
A Sultane's ne'er walks abroad Unveil'd :  
Shethen by my retinue and my Shape,  
Shall in my borrow'd Veil make an escape :  
My Woman I've engag'd t'attend her flight,  
And to avoid all dangers by my sight.  
To keep the Cheat from all discovery,  
Till she's gone safe, I will her place supply.

*Isabel.* I must not buy my Freedom at that rate,  
Expose you to incur your Fathers hate.  
Have I no other way t'attain my bliss ?

*After.* What other way ? or where's the Fault in this ?

*Isabel.* If on no other Ground my safety's built,  
I must refuse that Bliss t'avoid this Guilt.

*After.* Were I to flye with *Ibrahim*, I should find,  
Not half these Arguments to stay behind.

*Isabel.* Rather then let my Guardian be undone,  
I'll perish by that storm I must not shun :

Tortures and Death's the worst, and those I'll bear,  
Rather than sin against my Honour here.

*After.* I am his Daughter, and have pow'r t'assuage,  
With a few Tears an angry Father's rage :

But you he loves, loves with a lawless Flame,  
And no small pow'r can violent passions tame.

*Ibrab.* Madam, the kind *Sultana's* gift embrace ;  
Stop not the Torrent of her Royal Grace.

*Isabel.* Must she then stay to suffer in my place ?  
Must I requite her with returns so rude,

And buy my safety with ingratitude ?

*After.* Oh flye Sir, I conjure you do not stay ;  
Will you not once, not once my will obey :

You'll pay a Life's obedience to her pow'r,  
And shall not I command you for an Hour?

*Ibrab.* Let not her soft Entreaties be withstood,  
Since the like Heav'n is pleas'd with doing good;  
To her a Father cannot be unkind;  
The breach your absence makes, her Prayers may bind.

*Isabel.* Were I assur'd her Dangers were not great:  
'Twere hard when she commands and you intreat;  
To oppose such force——

*After.* Have I the conquest won?  
Now all my business in the World is done;  
I cannot fall more low, nor raise you higher.

*Ibrab.* Farewell!  
And generous excellence, when we retire,  
Oblig'd by goodness at this vast excess,  
We're happy, but must blush at happiness——

*After.* Stay yet: If I must never see you more,  
One favour let my breaking Heart implore:  
When Miser-like, you with a greedy Eye,  
Seize those kind looks for which I mourn and die:  
Amidst your scenes of Joy shall *Ibrahim* be  
Permitted but to steal one sigh for me?

[to Isabel.

*Isabel.* Permit his Sighs, yes, and command 'em too:  
By my Commission he shall pay that due.

*After.* And when I'm dead——(but I shall ask too far!)  
Shall he

At *Asteria's* Name let fall a Tear?

*Isabel.* A thousand! But be far that hour remov'd:  
Such virtue must of Heaven be more belov'd;  
Then 'have a Rain so short: yet if we shall  
Survive the generous *Asteria's* fall:  
Doubt not the pious Tribute of his Tears,  
My Eyes shall be his griefs Remembrancers,  
Each Sigh he takes, each Tear he sheds shall warm  
My Breast, and to our Loves be a fresh charm.

*After.* And will you do all this?

[to Ibrahim.

*Ibrab.* Do't, with as true  
A Zeal, as the fam'd Vestals ever knew:  
With Piety more constant and intire  
Your ashes I'll adore, than they their fire.

*After.* Now I have all my wishes dare implore:  
You cannot grant, nor must I ask you more:  
But Sir, if e'er  
You are distress'd agen (which Heav'n forbid!)  
Call on my Name: I'll be your Guard though dead;  
For sure in Love there is so strong a tie,  
That even my Ghost will be as kind as I.

[Exit Ibrahim and Isabel with Asteria's Attendants.

Oh *Isabella*! thus to set thee free,  
 What has love done for him, despair for thee?  
 I've giv'n hopes, happiness, and life away,  
 And dearly for that generous act must pay:  
 I in his absence feel his killing pow'r;  
 Alas! my ruine was too near before:  
 Yet now as if it came too slowly pac'd,  
 I have turn'd Prodigal to make more haste.  
 Musick directed here! what can this mean?

*A Song is sung from within.*

## SONG

No Art Loves Influence can destroy.  
 In vaine would Captive Kings their Chains unloose,  
 When the blind Boy  
 The Thunderer himself could ne'er oppose.  
 Drest up in various forms his Heav'n be left,  
 And practis'd in disguise the amorous 'ibest.  
 But if Omnipotence so chang'd could be,  
 Fair Celia wonder not to see  
 Thy Vassal as disguis'd, and as transform'd as he,

*After.* Oh! now I find the Mystery! 'tis plain.  
 This entertainment came from *Solyman*.  
 No, King, were thy intended Victim here;  
 In vain you'd court her Sence, and treat her Ear:  
 She who possesses *Ibrahim's* Heart——  
 Her thoughts no room for such mean Charms can yield,  
 Her Breast is with more noble Raptures fill'd.

*Enter Solyman and Morat.*

My Father here!  
 This sight drives all my blasted hopes away;  
 Can his wild passion brook no longer stay?

*[Absconds her self amongst Isabella's Women.]*

*Solym.* Th'ascent is dang'rous, and no common care,  
 Nor hasty steps can make approaches there:  
 I must with wide and distant Courtship move,  
 Before I sally out and call it Love.

*[Approaches and finds Afteria.]*

*Afteria!* Torture of my Soul! what's here——  
 Where is the Christian Princess——

*[Aside.]*

Oh my fear——

*[Aside.]*

*After.* Your Pardon Royal Sir,

*Solym.* My Love's disclos'd!

And all my Guilt and Infamy expos'd.  
 Where is she?

*[Aside.]*

*After.* Pardon an Act of Piety and Love,  
 When I to guard your Honour, durst remove  
 A threatn'd Rival.

*Solym.*



Solym. Ravish'd from my pow'r !  
And my own Daughter a conspirator.——

[Aside.

Effeminate Vertue, hence; flye from my sight.

After. Can Solymau in Cruelty delight?  
No, be as just as I.

Solym. Cease thy fond Grief;  
Be gone, and to thy absence owe thy Life.  
After. Then I retire: Not for the fear of Death;  
That I can bear, but not your angry Breath——

[Ex. After.

[To Mor.

Solym. This fatal Story must take Air from you:  
How came my Love discover'd? Traytor how?  
If 'twas thy Tongue that durst the secret tell,  
Thou hadst better had thy Soul as deep in Hell,  
As I'm beneath the Stars, than speak that word.

Mor. I tell the Secrets of my Sacred Lord!  
By all that's good to Heaven, I'm not so true,  
Nor half so constant to my pray'rs as you.

Solym. How got she hence? where is she?

Mor. To me, it no less Riddle did appear,  
To find her gone, than see *Astoria* here:  
If my Eyes fail'd me not, some Minutes since  
I saw this very Lady part from hence;  
And led by *Ibrahim*——

Solym. Then she has made escape  
By the assistance of *Astoria's* shape:  
Fly, seize 'em both; and bring 'em Prisoners here.  
Do it, as thou lov'st happiness; find her,  
Or lose thy Life and Me.

Enter *Roxolana* and *Mirva*.

My Guards are thine:  
Shew me that Face agen, or ne'er see mine.

Roxol. You were discounting: Royal Sir; go on:  
I will be silent till my Lord has done.  
For Monarchs sure should speak such Sacred things,  
That all should listen to the Voice of Kings.

Solym. Am I with shame on every side beset?  
This Face I till this Hour with pleasure met.

[Aside.

Roxol. I durst not, Sir, have ventur'd to appear  
Within this place, were the fair Christian here:  
But in her absence I am bolder grown,  
The meanest Star looks out when the Sun's gone.

Solym. Is it your Wit or Anger makes you thus  
Severe, against our Christian Guest, and us?

Roxol. Sultan, it is my ruin brings me here,  
The Evening of my glorious Day draws near.  
From all my long blest hours and shining Light,  
I take the prospect of Eternal Night.

*Solym.* Whence *Roxolana* should this fear proceed?  
And by what Fate is this black Change decreed?

*Roxol.* How *Sultan*! Can you kill me and not know  
The cruel Hand that gives the fatal Blow?  
Th'effect is but too sure, too plain the cause,  
When his kind Smiles my alter'd Lord withdraws.

*Solym.* Why to your self will you such pains contract,  
And fear those injuries I scorn to act?  
If from my Smiles your greatness takes its Fate,  
I will smile on, since that supports your State.

*Roxol.* Nay then I feel my certain Destiny:  
Are Empty smiles all you have left for me?  
*Sultan*! that's not your Love but Charity.  
And of your Charity must I the object grow?  
Can *Roxolana* have a fall so low?  
Christian, thou hast perform'd a Tyrants part,  
To make this change in my dear *Sultan's* Heart.

*Solym.* Well Empress! Since such pow'rful Tears I find,  
To mourning *Roxolana* I'll be kind.

*Roxol.* O my faint hopes!

*Solym.* Dissembling in a King,  
Would be too abject and too base a thing.  
And therefore I this favour will impart,  
I'll give you the true Picture of my Heart:  
I Love that Princess—

*Roxol.* O my Death!

*Solym.* And to that height that nothing can remove,  
My resolution to pursue my Love:  
I'll prosecute all the long-practis'd Arts  
That Majesty e'er found to conquer Hearts.

*Roxol.* Nay, now you are more Cruel than before.  
Was't not enough I did your loss deplore?  
But t'heighten my despair, must your own Breath,  
To make my fall more loud, proclaim my Death?  
'T had been enough t'have met a silent Doom.  
Must the black Cloud have Thunder in its Womb?

*Solym.* Why is your Fall and Death by *Solyman* wrought?  
By Heav'n I've no such malice in my Thought.  
My Thoughts flow purer: No black stream runs here.  
Love fills my Breast, and makes the Current clear:  
And Love that's the impetuous Tide of Souls,  
No Majesty, no Sacred name controuls.  
But from its pow'r its Innocence does hold,  
As th'Acts of Heav'n are good, because they're uncontrol'd.

*Roxol.* There was a Time! (but oh  
That *Roxolana* lives to speak that word!)  
When my still Lov'd, and my once loving Lord

Vow'd an Eternity of Faith to Me;  
And call'd on Heav'n to witness that decree:  
But now unkindly does that Heav'n invoke,  
To see his Vows and Sacred Promise broke.  
The Days, the Seasons, and the Years go on,  
And Nature her unalter'd course does run:  
But why's not the United World unhing'd;  
When that bright Vertue, which should rule'r, is chang'd?  
Since Honour can be violated there,  
Why does not Nature your Confusion share?  
Is *Solyman's* Word more constant than its Lord?

*Soly.* 'Tis true: I gave you my Imperial word  
To love you, and have done it to the height:  
Beauty was never treated in more State:  
A Nuptial Tye, and sharer in a Throne,  
To all my Predecessors was unknown.

*Roxol.* Yes Sir; you rais'd me to a Crown, forsook  
The rude delights your wild Fore-Fathers took.  
When from the feeble charms of multitude,  
And change, your Heart with one pure flame endu'd  
Was all entire to *Roxolana* giv'n:  
As Converts quit Idolatry for Heav'n.  
To that I own'd my Happiness; but know,  
'Tis to that too, I do my Ruine owe.

*Soly.* Death; how she tortures me? Is this  
Diversión for a Lover in my Pain?  
No news of *Isabella* here again?

[*Aside.*

*Roxol.* Had *Solyman* lov'd like other Turkish Kings.  
And I been one of those tame suffering things,  
Who as your Slaves, your scatter'd Favours caught,  
I in the Crowd had had no higher Thought.  
But from that Hour I was the Sultan's Wife,  
My Soul grew with the glories of my Life.  
My infinite Knowledge makes my Pains excess:  
Remembrance is the Plague of Greatness in distress.

*Soly.* When to those Eyes I swore I would be true,  
'Twas to the Worlds Variety in you.  
All your whole Sex for you I did forsake,  
Who, had all that Beauty which they joyn'd could make.  
And as I constantly perform'd that Vow,  
For the same reason I am alter'd now.  
Then call me not inconstant, nor unkind,  
Who greater Charms in *Isabella* find——

*Ex. Soly.*

*Roxol.* Neglected was too much! but slighted too!  
Who could expect these barbarous wrongs from you?  
*Sultan*, what e'er thy falsehood shall design,  
My Lustre through thy hate and scorn shall shine.  
Just Gods!

*Defen.*

Defend my Vertue ; Guard my sacred Fame,  
Than whom none nearer to your God-heads came :  
Do't, as your Honour and your Pow'rs divine :  
Prove your own Greatness by your care of mine.

*Mirv.* Doubt not th'Immortal Justice in your cause.  
Since your Apostate Lord his heart withdraws ;  
Heav'n will revenge the wrongs to such a Saint :  
If there can be a greater punishment,  
Then th' offence ; to hold so rich, so bright  
A Treasure, and want fence to value it.

*Roxol.* False though he is———  
So much respect is to his greatness due,  
I may impeach his Treason, but not you.

*Mirv.* But say the World could yield as great a Man  
In Birth, in Love, more great than *Solyman* ;  
Who did for *Roxolana's* Beauty die,  
And with a Love as Innocent, as high ;  
That wish'd no greater a reward t'obtain,  
Than his fair Murderers pitty of his Pain.  
Could you permit———

*Roxol.* That He should tell me so ?

*Mirv.* Only to ease your grief, and let you know  
Your Love is not unfortunate alone :  
Since there are Miseries beyond your own.

*Roxol.* If such a Traytor to my Fame there be,  
That thinks Love Innocent, when spoke to me :  
Conceal his Name, as you would guard your Life.  
But if a silent Death can ease his grief,  
Let him love on, and die without my frown.  
For if his Insolence his love dares own,  
And breath th'aspiring thought, he shall receive,  
The cruell'st Doom that Hate and Rage can give.

*Enter Ulama.*

*Mirv.* Take heed, great Sir, suppress your dang'rous flame,  
There's Death and Ruine in the very Name : *[Aside to Ulama.]*

*Ulam.* Fair Empress, They, who so much Beauty meet  
Ought to strow Flow'r's and Laurels at your Feet.  
The voice of Triumph should your Ears delight ;  
But I approach you like those Birds of Night ;  
Which hovering near great Palaces, still come  
With their harsh Notes t'express some threat'ning doom.  
Such your hard Fortune is, and such is mine.  
Your cruel Lord (but oh that Fate shoul'd joyn  
With Cruelty ! ) by his wild passion led,  
Has seiz'd the Christian Princess as she fled :

*Roxol.* More weight to my destruction !———

*Ulam.* How much this accident may his fiercage,  
 'Gainst an Offending Rival's Life engage,  
 Is yet not fully known: Only thus far  
 He, has given away the conduct of the War  
 From *Ibrahim*. Such Madam is my fear  
 For you, so great my dread of dangers here;  
 That though my Vows and pray'rs pay you that Debt  
 Which all Mankind does owe; and to compleat  
 Your Glory, wish you all your pow'r can meet:  
 The World at your command, and Monarchs at your Feet:  
 Yet whilst th'imaginary pomp goes on,  
 And my fierce Zeal exalts you on a Throne,  
 As high as Heav'n and no less glorious too.  
 Not all these thoughts can guild my fears for you.

*Roxel.* Obliging Prince, so great has been your Sence,  
 Both of my Wrongs and of my Innocence;  
 That in return of such a generous part,  
 I'll trust you with the secrets of my Heart.  
 This false, unkind, ungrateful *Solyman*,  
 Does o'er my Heart that absolute Monarch reign,  
 That to whatever Crimes his Rage dares flye:  
 My Lov's Immortal, though my pow'r can die.  
 So th'Indian worships the Infernal Pow'rs,  
 And perishes by that which he adores.

[*Exit.*

*Ulam.* How mortal would this sound of horror be  
 To one that lov'd, unless he lov'd like me?  
 Her Vertue to her Beauty lends new fire,  
 And both their Charms I equally admire.

*Mirr.* I've us'd my pow'r; but your vain hopes forbear,  
 Should but the name of Love reach her chaste Ear,  
 Her pride and scorn would into Vengeance flye—

[*Ex.*

*Ulam.* I thank her for so just a Cruelty,  
 And blush to think I durst her Virtue try.  
 For could she yield to hear one sigh from me,  
 Her Vows and Nuptial Faith would injur'd be.  
 And true Love were a stranger to my Breast,  
 If I could wish her ill to make me blest.  
 Be constant still, and all my pride shall be,  
 To reconcile thy Faithless Lord and thee.  
 For since I must expect those wounds she gave,  
 Will quickly bring me drooping to my Grave:  
 My unstain'd Soul will then Triumphant fly,  
 When thus for the Worlds Empress I shall die.  
 Others love only, as their Hope stands fair,  
 But I love on to propagate despair.

[*Exit.*

● *The End of the Third Act.*

ACT



## ACT IV. SCENE, The Seraglio.

*Enter Isabella Guarded by Morat and other Attendants.*

*Morat.* Pardon an act of Violence from his Hand,  
Who only Executes his King Command.

*Enter Solym.*

*Solym.* Fair Cruelty! how cou'd you flye from him,  
Whose only Fault was Love, and that's a Crime,  
The Gods must pardon, for they practise it.  
Love ev'n in Paradice does Triumphant sit.

*Isabel.* How can you thus the name of Love profane?  
Give no more breath to words of such a strain,  
Then you would lend a Tongue to Blasphemy.

*Solym.* Can you make wounds so deep you start to see?  
And wilfully be deaf to all my pain:

To Sighs sent from the Heart in which you reign?  
Some pity of your Captives torture take,  
That breath but like Confessions from a Wrack.  
The Gods are only to the Damn'd so strict,  
To shut their Ears 'gainst Torments they inflict,

*Isabel.* Is this a Father's Voice? Is this a Friend  
To Ibrahim? Can Majesty descend  
T'a Crime so low, the meanest Slaves have scorn'd?  
Were we for this with splendid names adorn'd?  
He call'd your Son, and I your Daughter made,  
Only to be more cruelly betray'd!

*Solym.* 'Tis true, I gave him all I had pow'r to give,  
I bid him happy in your favour live:  
And ignorantly past that blind Decree,  
Till in your loss I did my Ruine see.

Your pow'rful form prest nearer to my Soul,  
And thence my Peace and Sovereign freedom stole:  
My fancy painted all the joyes of life in you;  
And in your loss ten thousand Horrors drew.

*Isabel.* Oh Cruel King! how can you wound my Ear  
With those dire sounds I scarce have life to hear:  
When the most sacred Vows you dare invade,  
That Heav'n e'er heard, or Lovers ever made!

*Solym.* How merciless can you your pow'r disguise,  
Can you that question ask, and wear those Eyes?

*Isabel.* If from their Influence your guilt arise:  
Wou'd I had been born of some black Æthiope-race,  
Wor'n a dark Veile of Nature o'er my Face:

And

And for the want  
 Of outward force which *Ibrahim's* Heart should bind,  
 Had caught him only with a beauteous Mind.  
 Thus free from dang'rous Eyes, and fadeing Charms,  
 My peace secur'd from a wild King's Alarms;  
 You had not then my Persecutor turn'd,  
 Nor the fair injur'd *Roxolana* mourn'd.  
 We had liv'd safe from Tortures and despair,  
 Not wrong'd by th'Great, nor envy'd by the Fair.

*Solym.* Are you so faithful then to *Ibrahim*,  
 That you would rob the world in love to him;  
 To wish those Eyes obscure? yet if they were,  
 Had those Eyes been, those Twins of light, less fair;  
 Then Crowns and Empires might my peace have bought,  
 And a wide World had fill'd my bounded thought.

*Isabel.* Oh hold! this too unkind discourse give o'er—  
 My *Ibrahim's* dear, but my bright Honour more.  
 Think how you do not only injure him,  
 Conspire against your once lov'd *Ibrahim*:  
 But whilst I'm forc'd to hear the frightful name,  
 Of Impious Love, you wound my tender Fame.

*Solym.* If of your Honour you so tender prove,  
 Express it by your scorn of *Ibrahim's* Love.  
 You only wrong your Fame in loving him,  
 (Unworthy as he is) — but end that Crime.

*Isabel.* Oh Heaven! what do I hear?

*Solym.* He is a Thief!

A Traytor! for a mean and base relief,  
 Against my dang'rous Love, he stole you hence.

*Isabel.* If that's a Crime, 'twas mine not his offence.  
 Your black designs had made me dread your sight  
 So much, I us'd not only Prayers t' invite,  
 But my Commands to make him aid my flight.

*Solym.* Fair Torturer of my Soul, since you could be  
 So kind to him, and so severe to me;  
 Expiate that sin, of which you are the cause:  
 His Head is forfeit by the *Turkish* Laws.  
 Now if you love him, reconcile our strife;  
 Your Heart's the only Ransom of his Life.  
 'Tis true, I'm led by passion to disclaim  
 My Vertue, wrong my Friendship, stain my Fame:  
 I see the Precipice, but cannot stay:  
 Love runs me down, and drives my Soul away.  
 My passion for that Beauty is so high,  
 This I resolve, this I must do, or die.

*Isabel.* In vain you threaten me with *Ibrahim's* Death.  
 Think not my long inviolable Faith,

Poorly at last will be o'recome by Fear.  
 No Sir ! there's no such weak Dominion here.  
 Tho' you can aim your fury at his Heart,  
 To persecute me in the tenderest part :  
 Tho' Ibrahim's Life I prize above my own,  
 Think as much worth lodg'd in that Breast alone,  
 As Man-kind e'er possess'd, or Heav'n e'er gave ;  
 Yet even his Life I wou'd not basely save.

*Solym.* Gods ! must I find

A Heart so fixt, and Vertue so sublime :  
 Has my bold Love such craggy way to climb ?

*Isabel.* Hope not t'assault me there, rather than he  
 Should live to see me perjur'd, I would see  
 Him bleed ; see him in purple horror dy'd ;  
 See the dear Lord of all my hopes destroy'd :  
 Nor think his Doom in cruelty design'd ;  
 No ; his just Love wou'd rather call it kind.

*Solym.* Oh my distraction !

*Isabel.* But whilst I stay

To prove my Vertue, I my Vertue wrong,  
 And my chaste Ear has guilty been too long,  
 Here Jailer, to my Prison take me hence, [To Mor.  
 Now you may act a welcome violence.

*Solym.* Stay Madam !

*Isabel.* I can hear no more, in vain——

*Solym.* Oh Madam ! stay one Minute, and t'obtain  
 That favour, Ibrahim shall live, and live  
 To see me wretched, till he sees you give  
 My mortal Wound ; as but too soon you will :  
 For so much scorn can do no less than kill.  
 When those fair Eyes shall like a Winter-Sun,  
 Give only light, not life whose influence gone,  
 All things below, decay'd and wither'd turn,  
 And drooping Nature does his distance mourn.  
 When thus my blasted greatness shall decay,  
 And by your frowns my life shall droop away ;  
 My Pains, my Griefs, my Horrors shall be such,  
 As shall so near my generous Vizier touch,  
 Till my sad State his softn'd pity move,  
 And pity grant what is deny'd by Love.  
 Till his compassion does my Life defend,  
 And quit a Mistress to preserve a Friend.

*Isabel.* Do not his Constancy so much mistake ;  
 Yet if for you he could my Love forsake :  
 That Heart which justly as his falsehood due,  
 I took from him, I could not give to you.  
 Though you such Irreligious Thoughts admit,  
 Your Honour and your Nuptial Vows forget,  
 I cannot——

*Solym.*

*Solym.* Is Religion then my Foe?  
And does my Marry'd State my hopes o'erthrow?  
That shall not cloud the glories of your life.  
You shall be mine, a Christian, and a Wife.

*Isabel.* Defend me Heav'n! what's this?

*Solym.* You shall in state be to a Temple led;  
I'll take the Crown from *Roxolana's* Head.  
Thus, you shall meet my Love——

*Isabel.* 'Twas too much crime alone  
To oppose my Vow's: would you deface your own?  
Break your long Faith to *Roxolana* given,  
And by you rage thus doubly injure Heav'n?

*Solym.* I injure Heav'n! no, you mistake me now;  
I am pious, not profane in what I do.

What greater Homage can to Heav'n be paid  
Than with Imperial Crowns to adorn the Head  
Of the Divinest Creature it e're made.

*Isabel.* Oh, let me go! this place of Horror fly,  
Send me to a Dungeon, to a Grave to die,  
Rather than stay to heighten your impiety.

*Solym.* Retire then, since my presence is a sin,  
But cruel, Fair, when we shall meet agen,  
Assume a mercy that befits that brow.

*Isab.* If I must find you as I leave you now,  
Meet me no more; nor time, nor force employ,  
Against that Faith no pow'r can e'er destroy.  
And for those Tales of Death you seem to fear,  
Attend my Frowns, there's no such danger near.  
Despair in guilty Loves ne'er soars so high:  
None but just Lovers, love enough to die,

*Solym.* Was ever scorn so high? or King, so low? [Exit. guarded.]

*Mor.* To Constancy you all this rudeness owe.  
But if you e'er expect to be lov'd,  
The causes of this scorn must be remov'd.  
*Ibrahim* must die; and though 'twill seem severe,  
To take that Life which once you held so dear:  
Yet since his Life has the hopes of yours debarr'd,  
His Destiny can be your only Guard.  
This is the way will take: Her Lover dead,  
And the Crown taken from your Empress Head:  
Though some few Tears may fall at *Ibrahim's* Death,  
Marriage and Crowns will tempt her Christian Faith.  
This only course your desperate Love secures——

*Solym.* And this dark course I'll take.

*Mor.* Do and she's yours.

*Solym.* For Love o'ercomes, and I must kill or die.  
Let it be done e're I think how, or why.

Haste; Let the News of *Ibrahim's* Death be brought,  
 And Whilst he's dying I'll divert the thought :  
 With a forc'd Lethargy I'll damp my soul,  
 Friendship may else return, and my resolves controul.  
 O Love! what is thy power — *Morat* return,

*Exit Morat.*

He must not die.

[*Morat Re-enters.*

I have by *Alla* sworn

That he shall never bleed whilst *Solyman* lives.

*Mor.* Is it the voice of Majesty Reprieves

An Enemy, a destroyer of your peace?

Can humble penitence great Spirits seize?

*Solym.* No; I would have him still destroy'd, but if

I must be perjurd when I take his Life,

I must protect his Life, though against mine.

Though Love can yield to any lesser sin:

That Oath I must not; no, I cannot break.

*Mor.* Your Oath is strong, when your resolves are weak:

*Solym.* Had I by *Alla* sworn to quit my Crown,

So bound I ought to lay my Scepter down;

And yield a Throne without a sigh——

*Mor.* But Sir——

Even King's themselves sometimes may chance to err;

And you would impute Cruelty to Heav'n,

If sins of Ignorance can't be forgiven.

Perhaps those tyes are less than what they seem.

Send for the *Mufti*, Sir, consult with him:

He may repeal that Vow your rashness past,

And find your promise does not bind so fast:

Or shew at least some safe, though distant means,

To gain your quiet, and remove your pains.

*Solym.* Send for him, though I fear 'tis all in vain?

Do any thing to bring my peace again.

[*Ex. Morat.*

*Enter at another Door Ibrahim.*

After your mean suspicion with what Face,

False *Ibrahim*, dare you approach this place,

*Ibrab.* Sir, I approach you as I ought to do;

As one who has lost all hopes in losing you:

Approach you with those looks he ought to bring,

Who hears this Language from an alter'd King.

My happiness in this Tempest sinks and drowns:

I knew your smiles too well to bear your frowns.

*Solym.* How can I think you priz'd my smiles so high,

When you could forfeit them so wilfully?

*Ibrab.* if the protection of my Lov's a sin,

Then condemn'd *Ibrahim* has guilty been.

But when I counsel'd my fair Saint to fly,

I was your Champion, not your Enemy.

I was



I knew her Faith so well, that when from hence,  
I stole her, 'twas in *Solyman's* defence.  
Since her firm Vows no force could e'er destroy,  
I rob'd you of a Torment, not a Joy.

*Soly.* Was ever Arrogance so high, to dare  
Thus insolently brave me with Despair!  
What though my Pow'r's so weak, and hope so vain,  
That Hate and Scorn is all I must obtain.  
Though you can think so meanly of my State,  
It is unkind t' upbraid me with my Fate.

*Ibrab.* No, *Sultan*, call it be another Name,  
A subject Zeal to guard his Sovereigns Fame.  
More worthy and more Kingly Thoughts pursue:  
How little does this change appear in you?

When *Solyman*, who lately took delight  
In thoughts that soar'd above an Eagles Flight,  
Now humbly stoops t' invade his Vassals right.

*Soly.* Is it so humble to adore that Face?  
A favour'd Lover and have thoughts so base?  
Since of her Pow'r you have a Sence no higher,  
And see so little there for King's t' admire,

I will convert your infidelity:  
Take her more glorious Character from me:  
By Nature she's ordain'd to be obey'd:  
All beauteous things for Sovereignty were made.  
Is not Love Kingly then, when thus my Breast it fills?

*Ibrab.* So Thunder's Heavenly, but that Thunder kills.

*Soly.* Why should you think I'll take so rough a Course;  
I'll vanquish by Entreaty not by Force.

My Warlike Visier has in Camps been nurst:  
In Laurels it was I that dress'd you first.  
Desert not then that Air, where you were Bred:  
Fame, so long courted, now be kind and Wed.  
That glorious Race so well begun pursue.

*Ibrab.* But Sir, cannot I conquer and love too?

*Soly.* Can nothing but my ruine satisfy?  
Are there not Charms enough in Victory?  
Take all my Forces, half my World be thine;  
And in exchange let that one Prize be mine.

*Ibrab.* Oh, now you ask what I can ne'er resign:  
Loves that can cease, are Feavourish desires,  
A Thirst, which the Disease once cured, expires.  
My Heart unchangeably her Image wears;  
Meteors may be extinguish'd, but not Stars.

*Soly.* Of *Roxolana*, I was once as fond,  
And lov'd as much; yet time has broke that Bond.  
Is Love in me more mortal than in you?  
No, 'tis your Pride deny's, because I stoop to sue.

Were you for this ungrateful Man, by me,  
 From Death, and from inglorious Chains set free ;  
 From below Pity above Envy rais'd ?  
 Was it not I your fullen Fate appeas'd ;  
 From your rude Ore refine you into Gold,  
 And stamp you in my own Imperial Mould ?  
 And what my noble Nature ought to shun,  
 You force me to repeat what I have done ?

*Ibrab.* Those favours, Sir, your Vassal blushing took ;  
 Admir'd your bounteous Hand, and wonder-struck,  
 With humble veneration did adore  
 Great Jove descending in a Royal showre.

*Solym.* And now that Veneration is her due.

*Ibrab.* to Worship her, I'll never steal from you ;  
 No, to acknowledge what your Smiles have done,  
 Send me to Nations, yet t'your Arms unknown,  
 I'll fetch you glories from the rich *Peru* ;  
 Nature her Treasures shall unlock for you.  
 But if of rougher Spoils you would be Lord,  
 By valiant more than shining Kings ador'd,  
 The Savage Tartar in his frozen Zone,  
 Scorcht by your light'ning, shall your greatness own.  
 New Toils, new Labours for my Arm decree :  
 Try me like *Hercules*, and I shall be,  
 If not as great, as little tir'd as He.

*Solym.* My stock of Fame already is so large,  
 That Victories would be a mean discharge.  
 Her Heart would th' only pleasing payment make.

*Ibrab.* And can I yield my Princess to forsake ?  
 Since I want power to pay that vast demand,  
 Arrest your Honours in a Bankrupts Hand.  
 Make me that wretched thing I was before ;  
 Resume your glories, and my Chains restore :  
 And by my Death let all your Troubles cease ;  
 I've liv'd too long, when I disturb your Peace.

*Solym.* And that long life 'tis I can shorter make.

*Ibrab.* Oh, take it Sir : I wear it for your sake .  
 Though I can never yield to quit my Love ;  
 Yet I can die a Rival to remove.

And when to Death I go, hear my last Pray'r ;  
 May *Solyman's* Life, Heav'n take up all your care.

*Solym.* Can *Ibrahim* so patiently receive  
 His Doom, and with such ease his Judge forgive ?

*Ibrab.* Forgive you ? where's your sin ? Alas your hand  
 Takes but that Life you justly may demand.  
 Should abject Creatures in their dying Hour,  
 Repine and murmur at th' Almighty Pow'r

My ador'd King, even my last Breath should rule ;  
Not one ill thought should touch my parting Soul.

*Solym.* Hold, generous Prince! Know what great Love can do ;  
And hear a Resolution strange, but True.  
I have no hopes that Beauty to o'recome,  
But by your Death to make my Passion room.  
Yet in such Loyalty such pow'r I find,  
That goodness in your Face and lustre in your Mind ;  
That if one look, one kinde word more you give,  
'Twill soften me till I shall let you live.

But to enable me to give the blow ;  
*Ibrahim*, your last, but fatal Duty shew  
With haste, and silence from my presence fly,  
That absent I may have power to bid you die.  
He's gone and has my black command obey'd ;  
Yet not such loyalty can save his Head :  
To what ill Deeds is desperate passion led ?

[Ex. Ibrahim.]

*Enter Morat and Musti.*

*Mor.* The *Musti*, Sir, your pleasure does attend.

*Solym.* Priest, for thy Counsel and thy Aid I send:  
A Ravisher has rob'd me of my Peace,  
And I want power to make my torment cease.

*Musti.* Who is that Ravisher, and what that Chain  
which binds your Arm, and does your pow'r restrain?  
Can ought rebate the Sword of *Solyman* ?

*Solym.* My Faith, my Vows, and my Religion can:  
By *Alla* bound, I've made this solemn tye,  
Whilst *Solyman* lives, my Visier shall not die:  
And by his Death, I must my Peace retrieve.

*Musti.* Sir, he may die when *Solyman* does not live.

*Solym.* Did I for this thy wise advice request,  
For satisfaction in my Grave ? dull Priest,  
I'd live to be reveng'd.

*Musti.* Yes Sir, you shall—think not my Councils bring  
Such tardy Vengeance to an Injur'd King.  
Death should fly quick as light'ning from your frown.  
Sir, he may set before to Morrow's Sun.

*Solym.* How ! may he die to morrow ?

*Musti.* Yes ; to Night.

*Solym.* My Faith unstain'd ?

*Musti.* Unfully'd as the Light——

You are not by this promise bound to give  
Him immortality. 'Tis whilst you live,  
You've sworn he shall not meet his destiny ;  
But there are hours each day in which you die—  
Sir ! whilst you sleep you are not living,

*Solym.* How ?

*Musti.*

*Must.* To Sense and Reason Man his Life does owe ;  
 And when Sleep dams them up, they cease to flow.  
 The Soul deserts the Body when it dies,  
 What does it less in sleep ? it useless lies.  
 Death's its retreat, and sleep is its disguise.  
 Sleep equals Kings, and Shepherds ; Rich and Poor ;  
 Nor can the pow'r of Death it self do more.  
 And where's their difference ?

Both give one stroke, only one strikes more deep ;  
 Sleep's a short Death — Death an eternal sleep :  
 If then whilst you are sleeping, he receives  
 The blow, he does not die whilst *Solyman* lives.

*Soly.* And will our Prophet this Revenge maintain,  
 And the Immortal Name take off all stain ?

*Must.* So just a cause he does, and must defend.

*Soly.* Then dear Religion, thou'rt a Lovers Friend :  
 Kind Priest, my judgment does with thine conspire :  
 'Tis easie to believe what we desire.

But if his Death's a sin ; the Crime be yours :  
 When our Guides stray, the Errour is not ours.

Send him the Mourning Robe : He dies to Night. [Exit Morat.

Enter Asteria.

*Ibrahim*, farewell ; and may thy Soul take flight  
 To Paradise. There be as blest above,  
 As thou wer't here in *Isabella's* Love.

*After.* Oh Cruelty ! who's he that in one breath  
 Can talk of Paradise and *Ibrahim's* Death ?

*Mor.* I do not like her presence ———

[Aside.

*After.* Royal Sir,

Forgive me, if my fears have made me err :  
 Perhaps I have not rightly understood ;  
 For you were always just, and God-like good.  
 Is it your pleasure *Ibrahim* should die ?

*Soly.* My Injuries give him his Death, not I.

*After.* Can you speak Death agen ? a Crime so great,  
 Twice in one Day, one Hour, one Voice repeat ;  
 The sound of so much horror, and such rage,  
 Had singly been enough to brand an Age.  
 Oh say, that you deceive me, and to try  
 My Courage, told me *Ibrahim* should die.  
 I would my Reason and my Sense distrust,  
 Rather than think that you can be unjust.

*Soly.* False to thy Blood, thus to oppose my will ;  
 Whence comes that Heat that does these Tears distill,  
 Which fall when I a Criminals doom decree ?

*After.* Your passion is that Criminal, not he.

Oh *Sultan*! call your glories to your aid;  
 Summon those Vertues which the World obey'd:  
 Stains in your brightness will too monstrous shew.  
 You were not rais'd so high to fall so low.

*Solym.* Heav'ns! have I Crimes a Daughter dares impeach.  
 Obey that Will, you are too bold to teach.

*After.* Save *Ibrahim*; and be as far obey'd  
 As the Sun sees, and Natures limits spread.  
 Repeal his Doom, speak but that one dear word,  
 And be by all obey'd; by all ador'd.

*Solym.* Can you that mercy for his Life implore,  
 Whom his ingratitude bids you abhor?

*After.* O calm the rage of your tempestuous Will,  
 And be a good and gracious Father still.

*Solym.* Stand from my Arm, fond Girl; expect no more  
 To obtain his life than you can life restore.  
 But hence——know my displeasure and retire.

*After.* If you are angry, raise your anger higher:  
 For if my dearest *Ibrahim* must not live,  
 Load me with all the sufferings you can give.  
 Let me your Frowns, your hate, your Curses have,  
 All helps are kind that bring me near my Grave.

*Solym.* Hence with thy Pity from my anger fly:  
 This wandering Fire shall out; for he shall die.

*After.* Since I with Tears and Prayers in vain implore;  
 Here me but once, and I will speak no more.  
 If he must die, when the dire wound is given,  
 And *Ibrahim* shuts out Life to take in Heav'n:  
 When the enamour'd Saints with greedy Arms embrace  
 The brightest Guest in all the shining space;  
 To follow him, I'll leave life's joys below,  
 And dying to my Rival Stars I'll go.  
 Your poor *Asteria* in his Fate must joyn;  
 For know, that Man that wounds his Heart, breaks mine.  
 Must *Ibrahim* die then——

Oh that dire word comes heavy from my Tongue;  
 My Breath grows short, and I have talk'd too long.  
 Oh, *Sultan*, do not vanish from my sight:  
 Where are you? stay! why have you made it Night [*Swounds away.*]

*Solym.* Fond Girl, thou hast my pity——But——  
 Remove her! and her stragling Sence recal.  
 This Object cannot stop my Rivals fall. [*Attendants carry her off.*]  
 Before Love rais'd this Torrent in my Blood,  
 Close to my Heart, firm as a Rock, he stood:  
 But by some mighty Deluge over-born,  
 Mountains unloose, and Rocks from Rocks are torn.  
 Thro' their strong Veins, the stronger Flood pours in,  
 And the vast Fractures never close agen.



*Enter Roxolana.*

*Roxol.* Stay *Sultan*, stay. If perjury you think,  
Is a mean Crime at which the Gods can wink;  
Be bold false King, and sin in open Day,  
To the wide World your hardn'd Soul display.  
Th' unmanly dread of th' other World our-wear;  
And brave that Vengeance which you scorn to fear.  
To make you yet more barborously great,  
At once my ruin and your pride compleat:  
Since on the Christian you my Crown bestow,  
I come to give the Head that bore it too.

*Solym.* Since the fair Christian then has been so kind,  
To tell you what my pleasure has design'd;  
Her word's your Fate; I love her not so ill,  
To make her Voice less than an Oracle.

*Roxol.* Your falsehood is not whisper'd at that rate,  
That I need learn your Crimes from her I hate.  
But has your Rage so impiously decreed?  
Yet why this wonder—furious Lord, proceed.  
The prospect of my fall so open lies,  
That I'm too well prepar'd for a surprize.

*Solym.* Do not so highly, and so ill resent  
The loss of that which was not given but lent.  
And when I take that which I lent before,  
I but my glories to their source restore.

*Roxol.* Can you plead reason for your Guilt's defence?  
And thus Usurp the name of Innocence?  
No, *Sultan*, speak like what you are, and call  
Your self a Tyrant, Monster, Savage, all  
The blackest names from injur'd Tongues can fall.  
Since you prove false, 'twould be more just t'express  
Your Perjury in the most hateful dress:  
Then I could bear my loss, and love you less.

*weeps.*

*Solym.* How tiresome does unwelcome kindness prove?  
Is there a Blessing or a Plague like Love?

*Roxol.* Oh treacherous Eyes! what has your weakness done?  
Can an Effeminate soft Tear run down  
From her fond Eyes that lives to lose a Crown!  
A deposed Queen! and have so little gall!  
Did *Cleopatra* weep before her fall?  
No, at her Breast her dearest Vipers hung;  
Whose pointed Tongues her angry Bosom stung:  
Swell'd with her Poyson, and her Blood all fir'd,  
In noble rage her Roman pride expir'd.  
Her great despair such glorious fury felt,  
As burst that Heart which was too proud to melt.

*Solym.*

*Solym.* Hence from my sight: Take your vain Threats away:  
Know my fixt Resolution, and obey.

*Roxol.* Threaten'd to silence, and commanded hence!

Ye God's, must I be taught Obedience?  
Whose Empire did so lately spread so wide,  
At once my Sexes Envy and their Bride?  
Thou despicable King, how poor and low  
Are the mean gifts which from thy bounty flow!  
Glory a fairy Treasure, pow'r a Toy,  
An airy Scene of visionary Joy.

Since empty greatness has this fading State,  
Why have I dreamt so long, or wak'd so late?

*Solym.* What though you've rul'd an age? The Sun and Stars,  
Tho' they have shin'd so many thousand Years,  
Can plead no right to an immortal State.

I made you, as Heav'n did the World Create.  
In your each part, pow'r and perfection rain'd;  
Each look Dominion had, each word Command.  
But as the Eternal Will ordains a Day,  
When this bright Fame its Debt to Fate must pay;  
So when this Universe in Dust shall lie,  
The Gods will be no more unjust than I.

*Roxol.* In that great Day Heaven its Revenge will take;  
The World must burn for wicked Mankind's sake:  
And Nature die for what her Race has done;  
The Gods will at that day put out their Sun;  
Because 't has shined too long on such as you.  
Then Perjury will meet it's last just due.

*Solym.* This growing storm no longer I'll endure:  
Her Violent Rage must have a Violent Cure.

*Roxol.* But since the faithful *Roxolana* must  
Be sacrific'd to please a Tyrant's Lust;  
May my quick Fall like some fierce Earth-quake come,  
When th' opening Ground is some tall Pyramid's Tomb.  
Whose Revenous Jaws once gorg'd, and clos'd again,  
No reliques of the ruin'd pile remain,  
To keep its memory alive.

Since my loud fall must bring eternal shame,  
Oh that you could but kill my very Name;  
And give my memory and me one Grave.  
Then with what scorn should I my wrongs out-brave.  
But when to my Immortal shame, they'll say,  
I lost an Ages Triumph in a Day;  
There, there's my Torture——

In all the mortal strokes great Hearts sustain,  
Honour's the only part that bleeds with pain.

*Solym.* Take her away—— I'll hear no more—— [To Morat

*Roxol.* Bold Slave.

[To Morat.

*Solym.*

*Solym.* Begon, I will no longer hear her Rave.

*Roxol.* Villain ! forbear.

[*To Morat. Draws a Dagger.*]

How wretched base art thou ! by thy Command  
Forc'd like thy Slave ! Seiz'd by thy Vassalls hand !  
I've so much Pride for that which I have been,  
No common Hands shall touch the Worlds one Sacred Queen.  
Stand off, officious Traytor : Come not nigh,  
Approach me but with one bold look and die.

*Enter Ulama.*

*Ulam.* Hold Irreligious Slave.

[*To Morat*

Touch her no more than you wou'd forfeit Heav'n.  
To what wild rage is Impious passion driven ?  
And Madam, stay your hand : give not that blow  
For him too glorious, and for you too low.

*Roxol.* I thank you for the favour you have done ;

[*Gives Ulama the Dagger, which he takes on his Knees.*]

You've Reason, but my Griefs have left me none.

*Ulam. Sultan,* I am unwilling to believe

'Tis in Fates pow'r to make such Beauty grieve.  
But take her, take her, and be blind no more ;  
To her your heart ; t' your self your Wits restore :  
Be Great, Proud, Glorious, Blest ; Live, Love, and Reign  
In Happinefs above the State of Man.

Consider but how much of Heav'n dwell's there,  
And call your self our Prophet's Son and Heir.

*Solym.* How *Ulama* !

*Ulam.* I am your Vertuous Friend ;

And with my Blood that Vertue wou'd defend :  
Hither I come by Friendships Sacred tye,  
To rowze you from your mortal Lethargy.  
Your sleeping Reason wake and Re-enthroned  
What Nature made most worthy of a Crown :  
Repair her Injuries, and your lost Fame.  
Such influence lodges in that Heav'nly Frame,  
Her Smiles can deifie, and her Wrongs can damn.

*Solym. Persian* ! the World had never yet so bold  
A Man as durst my pleasure have controul'd ?

Had I as many Subjects as I led,  
To win thy *Persian* Crown, that durst have said  
Half this, their Lives for th' Insolence had paid.

*Ulam.* If all should die that do abhor your Sin,  
The Massacre would make your Empire thin :  
Tho' only I dare tell you ———  
How much the best of Wives and best of Queens you wrong ;  
All Man-kind has my Sence, though not my Tongue.  
When I your fury from that Saint divert,  
I but a suffering Kingdoms cause assert.

Be just to her, that Heav'n may be appeas'd,  
And the afflicted groaning World be eas'd.

*Solym.* Rash, desperate Sir, though you dare rage so high,  
My Charity's too great to let you die.  
But Captive, do not tempt your Fate; that hour  
You make a forfeit of your Head once more,  
Your petulant Frenzy with your Chains I'll tame,  
And shrink you to that shade from whence you came.

*Roxol.* Hold generous *Persian*, you presume too high,  
If in my Cause, first ask my leave to die.  
Forbear t'encrease the violence of his Hate,  
Lest you're involv'd in *Roxolana's* Fate:  
Tho' twould become the greatness of a Queen  
To have Crowds in Death to fill her Funeral Scene:  
*Sultan* no guiltless Soul with mine shall fly:  
I'll quit my state, and singly glorious die.

*Ulam.* Do not oppose me in so just a Cause:  
When he breaks Nature, Heav'n and Honours Laws  
In wronging you; let his fierce rage proceed;  
Let Justice suffer, Truth's defender bleed.

Tame me with Chains!

[To *Solym.*

A Prison is too weak: Send me to a Grave:  
And if that pow'r o'er Souls, as Lives you have,  
Send me——

Where that loud Guilt, by which her greatness fell,  
Is writ in Sulphur and Records of Hell.  
And when the blackest of their Hellish train,  
Shall tell the story of her Tragick Scene,  
Attended by fierce and fiery throng,  
I'll bring the Furies, and all Hell along,  
To tell thee thou hast done a deed so damn'd,  
That thou hast made th' infernal Fiends ashamed.

*Solym.* Bold Man, thy Blood—but 'tis too base to shed—  
Thy baseness from my Arm protects thy Head.  
But to deserve thy ruine from my Hand,  
I give thee leave my Rebels to command;  
Or once again thy rallied *Persians* lead.

If thou hast Honour, meet me in their Head.  
When all thy glories do thy Brow adorn,  
And on the Wings of Fame I see thee born;  
Be worth my Anger then; till then, my Scorn.

*Ulam.* I'll meet thee, and thy pow'r undaunted stand;  
Though thy Victorious Arms the World command,  
Thy Sword's grown weak, plac'd in a guilty Hand.

*Solym.* To increase your Courage, think it weaker yet,  
And to chastise thy rudeness when we meet:  
When in an Armies Head thy Face I see,  
I'll tell thee then thou art fit to fall by me.

[Exit *Solym.*

*Roxol.*

*Roxol.* When Empress of the World I stood on hollow'd Ground,  
 With all my pomp and greatness circl'd round ;  
 Then what a train of Worshippers, what crowd  
 Of Vassals at my Feet all prostrate bow'd.  
 On humble Mortals I in state look'd down,  
 Who gaz'd on Glories sparkling from my Crown.  
 Life waited on my Smiles, Death on my Frown :  
 Fear'd and ador'd, on their bow'd Necks I trod,  
 Whilst to my Throne I mounted like a God.  
 But in my Fall, where's that Devotion gone ?  
 Of all those thousands, Fate has left but one.

*Ulam.* So great your Merit, and your Slaves so few ?  
 Those thousands lost, be God-like, and raise new :  
 Permit me but to meet this Threatning King,  
 And see what force so just a Cause can bring.  
 To right your Honour and re-build your Throne ;  
 Vouchsafe to call my Sword, and Life your own.  
 Rather than your lowd wrongs shall go unpaid,  
 I will exhaust an Empire in your aid.  
 Here at his Gates I will his Guilt desie :

I, and my *Persia*, nay, the Gods and I———  
*Roxol.* Hold angry Prince ; your Zeal in my just Cause,  
 Whilst it was Innocent, had my applause.  
 Forbear then to pull down my hate ; tho' He  
 Has lost his Vertue, broke his Faith to Me ;  
 I have not lost the Duty of a Wife :  
 Tho' I abhor his Crimes, I prize his Life.  
 Who holds a Sword against his Breast, wounds me ;  
 His Foe is *Roxolana's* Enemy.

[Exit *Roxol.*

*Ulam.* Fool that I was to ask her, her consent ?  
 Without her leave, her ruine I'll prevent.  
 Her pious Vengeance points me out the way ;  
 'Twas but her superstition bad me stay.  
 To morrow I'll towards *Persia* go, and bring  
 My utmost pow'r against this Perjur'd King.  
 If time enough, I'll stop her Fall ; if late,  
 Revenge it ; if I fail, I'll share her Fate :

Lost though I am, and in despair ; I'll try  
 To waite an Empire in her Cause and die

(Exit *Ulam.*

*The End of the Fourth Act.*



## ACT V. SCENE, A Chamber.

*Enter Ibrahim meeting Isabella and Morat.*

*Morat.* Sir, from the Sultan I am hither sent,  
 To counsel you your ruin to prevent,  
 If by consent you can for ever part,  
 And make a present of a Mrs. Heart,  
 You have your Life ; else, when he sleeps, you die.  
 You have an hour allow'd for your reply.

[Exit Morat.]

*Isabel.* 'Tis a hard choice, you must be false or die !  
 To save your Life, what is't I would not give ?

*Ibrab.* What would you have me quit your Love, and live !

*Isabel.* No ; though I value you so high, above  
 My Ibrahim's Life, I prize my Ibrahim's Love.

If nothing but Inconstancy can give  
 You Life, die mine, since mine you cannot live.

But do not think when you are gone, I shall

Have pow'r long to out-live your Funeral.

There's a Contagion in a Lovers fall.

Weak are his Threats, and vain his subtlest Art ;  
 His Tyranny may all but Lovers part.

*Ibrab.* Do I not die to seal my Faith to you ?

What juster act, what braver can I do ?

Then do not murmur at my glorious Fall.

Is this his Cruelty ? Is dying all ?

What's Death ! The meanest Slaves die every day ;

Even Infancy and Age that Debt to Nature pay.

A feavourish Fit can stop our fleeting Breath ;

Our Taste, Smell, Touch, each Sense, can let in Death.

And we who Beauties Infinite pow'r adore,

For great Almighty Love can do no more.

*Isabel.* But can I say I love and bid you die ?

No ! for your safety this one Art I'll try ;

I'll strait to *Solyman*, and Summon all

Those angry pow'rs that injur'd Love can call.

Not depos'd King's shall rage so much as I.

With so much scorn his baseness I'll despise ;

Till I've incens'd his rage to that degree,

That he shall spare your Life, and murder me.

In me, he can but *Isabella* Doom ;

In you he takes a prop from Christendom.

Live *Ibrahim* then, Religion to defend :

His Favourite live, to be the Christian's Friend.

Leave.

Leave Death to me, and think my Life well giv'n,  
At once in saving you, and serving Heav'n.

*Ibrab.* These melting sounds all fence of Death destroy;  
Who would not choose my Fate for half my Joy?

But do not hope to die for me——  
Think not your Charms so little, nor my King  
So Savage, though unkind, that any thing  
Will make him dare to shed your precious blood;  
No, my best life, he must not, if he cou'd.

*Isabel.* Must I so tamely then behold your fall?  
No, 'gainst your Murderer I'll muster all  
My Rage, Despair, Revenge——what is't I will not do?  
I'll treat him so ——but why this passion now?  
Since 'tis decreed we must so soon divide,  
My parting looks shou'd all their fierceness hide.  
Furies, till then lay all your Scorpions by;  
Our last dear Minutes shou'd more gently fly:  
Kind Heav'n, let but this span of Life be blest,  
Love reign this hour, and horror all the rest.

*Ibrab.* Best of thy Sex! [Embracing her.  
But I in vain shall this short Triumph boast,  
Gazing on what must be for ever lost.

*Isabel.* For ever? why! can Death destroy our Love?  
Shall we not meet, and be as blest above?  
Cease Sir, oh cease this too unkind despair,  
Are there all Joys in Heav'n, and Love not there?

*Ibrahim.* Fill'd with that hope, I'll my short time improve,  
And sum an Ages blifs in one hours Love.  
Low at your Feet, your humble Vassal bows; [Kneels  
And here on this fair Hand, seals his last Vows [Kisses her Hand.  
Turn, turn your Eyes this way, look all Divine,  
In your full Luster let your kindness shine.  
Oh Love! I am all Extasie, delight,  
Soaring in Joys, I'm giddy with my height.

[Kissing her Hand often.  
But hide those Eyes; take this soft Magick hence:  
[Lets go her hand.

My happiness so much transports my Sence,  
That such another look will make me grow  
Too fond of Life ever to let you go.  
*Isabel.* Great blessings like swift torrents always run  
Too rapid to stay long.

*Ibrab.* What have I done?  
Restore those pleasing looks, give me your hand agen,  
My Light, Day, Sun, shut not your glories in.  
Spight of his pow'r in this soft Knot I'll fold,  
[She gives him her Hand agen.  
And when I die, let him cut of my hold.

I'll twine so fast, that when he gives the blow ;  
And cuts me by the Roots up from below ;  
These dying Branches still shall grasp you all,  
And grasp, and grasp, and wither e're they fall.

Enter Asteria, Mirva, and Morat,

Aster. So close, so kind ! how happy should I be.

[Aside, Entering.

Were half this dear Devotion paid to me ?

Mor. Madam, the *Sultans* Orders were severe,  
But *Solyman's* command admits you here,  
And I dare take your word——

} To Asteria.

No doubt she's come,

By th' offer of her Love t'avert his Doom.

[Aside.

Grant her success ; let *Ibrahim* live, and may

The *Sultan's* hopes be Crown'd the gentler way.

[Exit.

Aster. Though life and happiness must ne'er be mine.

Yet I'll take care that I'll secure 'em thine.

Accept that !

[Mirva gives him a Sword.

Mirv. Sent from *Roxolana's* Hand.

This Princess love conspires with her command.

They've both design'd your freedom to redeem.

Aster. Which to effect, we've found this Stratagem.

Though of your Fate, this is th' appointed Scene,

Yet in respect to that which you have been,

His Friend and Vizier, you're allow'd this Grace ;

None but *Morat* has entrance to this place.

Mirv. The Mutes, th' intended Murderers, wait all

Without, at distance, and beyond his call ;

And but approach that Minute when you fall.

Aster. When false *Morat* returns to take her hence,

Produce this Weapon as your last defence :

Disarm him, bind him, leave him in your Room ;

Change Habits with him, and his Form assume.

Lead hence your Princess, and by th' help of Night,

Pass undiscover'd, and secure your flight :

The Guards too, not suspecting an escape,

Will let you pass deluded by that shape.

Ibrahim. Alas ! I was before a Bankrupt made,

And ow'd too much where I had so little paid :

But now your goodness swells the Debt so high,

That I with shame must live——

Aster. Shame ! Dear Sir, why ?

You owe me nothing : By Religious ties,

When Virtue in distress and danger lies,

Its rescue and defence should be the care

Of all Man-kind ; and that's my business here.

*Isabel.* Thou art so excellently good, thou best  
Of Rivals, so much Heav'n dwells in thy Breast.  
In Duty to perfections so Divine,  
All my best thoughts, and half my prayers are thine.

*Enter Morat.*

*Morat.* I come to tell you that your Hour is Past! ha [Starts.

*Ibrab.* Keep in thy Tongue, or speaking speak thy last.

*Morat.* How came you by that Sword?

[*Ibrab. gets between him and the Door.*

*Ibrab.* No matter how;  
Jailor, my flight must be contriv'd by you.

*Morat.* Your flight!

*Ibrab.* 'Tis a proposal may seem strange:  
But Sir, we two our habits must exchange,  
And you must yield to stay here gag'd and bound,  
Till by your shape we move t'a safer ground.  
If at this price you'll buy your Life, you may.

*Morat.* What do you think to frighten me to play  
The Traytor?

*Ibrab.* Know, 'tis Death to disobey——

*Morat.* Submit to save my Life for one hours time,  
To die the next by tortures for my Crime!  
No; though your Arm is so renown'd, I'll try  
My chance for Life——

*Ibrab.* Then take thy choice and die. [They fight.

*After.* Hold Villain, hold! how dare you lift an Arm  
Against his Life? [Interposing.

*Ibrab.* Dear Madam! fear no harm.

*Morat.* How dare you Save what Solyman Condemns? [To After.

*Ibrab.* Do not dispute her Goodness, nor my Crimes,  
But yield and live——

*Morat.* Yield! no, at thy false Heart; [Fights again.

Hold! thou hast kill'd me, Traytor as thou art,  
[Bears himself up, reeling upon his Sword.

In all my hopes, all my Ambition crost!

By a fond foolish Girl betray'd and lost.

*After.* You are not wounded?

*Ibrab.* No! your Genius was my guard.

*Morat.* Thou Treacherous Fool, take that for thy reward.

[Kills After. and falls.

*Ibrab.* Down to thy Hell, and there in torments howl:

[Sticking him to the Ground.

Oh speak, dear Madam, ease my tortur'd Soul;  
The Gods their charge must better understand,  
Then to ordain your Fate from such a Hand.  
Say you'r not hurt?

*After.* No! let your trouble cease!  
He has only sent a wretched thing to peace.

*Isabel.* She bleeds, she bleeds!

*Ibrab.* Oh! this detested Hour!

*After.* Alas Sir! I was dying long before,  
Death's cold Hand strook me when I first lost you;  
A lingering Fate the slow Consumption drew.  
Then do not Sir this happy stroke deplore,  
That ends a tedious Journey in an Hour.

*Isabel.* A Lovers absence, and a Father's hate,  
My three Years pains were easie to this weight.  
Horror ne'er seiz'd me in this dismal shape.

*Ibrab.* Infernal Dog!

*After.* Think, think of your escape.

*Ibrab.* Is an escape a fit reward for him,  
Who bears the weight of my accursed Crime.

*After.* My Death is not your Crime. Kind dear Sir, fly;  
Oh do not stay! leave me alone to die.

*Ibrab.* Desert you!

*After.* I conjure you do not stay  
I'th path to Heav'n: the good can never stay;  
I need no help to guide me in my way.

*Ibrab.* How can I fly?

*After.* This unkind language cease.  
Fly as you'd have my Soul in heav'n find peace.

*Ibrab.* How can I promise you?

*After.* Oh Sir! you must.  
Will you deny me Rest when I am Dust?  
Is saving of your Life so hard?

*Ibrab.* Is leaving you  
So easie? basely to desert you now:  
And guard my forfeit Blood when I have been  
A fatal instrument in shedding thine?

*After.* Nay then I'm destin'd to die wretched; all  
I beg'd of Heav'n, was to divert your fall.  
My saving Ibrahim's Life was all my pride:  
And must that only blessing be deny'd?

*Ibrab.* Well Madam! I'll submit to any thing.

*After.* Now with an Angel's Voice I hear you speak;  
And at that word my Heart-strings gently break.  
My well-pleas'd Ghost will find eternal rest,  
To think that I have made my Ibrahim blest.  
And must I die in my dear Ibrahim's Arms?  
Now you transport me with too mighty Charms.  
In this dear Heav'n, like a blest Star I'm plac'd:  
But, oh, my Joy's too violent to last.

*Ibrab.* She's gone! Yes, generous Saint, I'll do thee right,  
But if I fly, my Death must be my flight.



I'm too much loaded with my shame and grief,  
To leave this killing sight to save a life.

*Isabel.* Farewell unhappy Maid, sure there must be  
No common Joys above reserv'd for thee;  
Thou had'st to little happiness below,  
Heav'n's debts are certain, though the payment's slow.

*Enter a Bassa, as sent from Solymán.*

*Bassa.* Morat stays long: What's here! Guards, Guards.

*[Exit Bassa retreating at the same door he entered.]*

*Ibrahim.* Stay! stay!

I am your Prisoner, and your pow'r obey:  
Alas! there needs no Crowds to take me now.

*Re-enter the Bassa with Guards.*

*Bassa.* Seize him.

*[Guards seize him.]*

*Ibrahim.* It is the kindest office you can do.

*Bassa.* Remove the Bodies hence,  
And keep those Prisoners safe till my return;  
Till from the Sultan's will their Fates I learn.

*[Exit Ibrahim and Isabella, led in by Guards; part of the Guards carry off Morat and Asteria, and the Bassa returns at the same door he entered at.]* Manet Mirva.

*Mirva.* How dismally to Roxolana's ear  
Will this strange story sound. But see, she's here.

*Enter Roxolana.*

*Roxol.* Have I success? Is Isabella fled?

Has that dire Planet hid its threatening head?  
I fear thy Answer will not be so kind:

An Ominous load hangs on my burden'd mind.

*Mirva.* Let me in silence my Allegiance pay.

*Roxol.* No, *Mirva*: speak the worst thou hast to say.

*Mirva.* The fair *Asteria's* dead, kill'd by *Morat*:

But in revenge of her unhappy Fate,

By *Ibrahim's* just Hand the Traytor fell.

The lovers Grief wou'd be too sad to tell:

Let it suffice, they're kept in stricter Chains;

And now no hope of liberty remains.

*Roxol.* Poor Innocence!

What Tears would thy unhappy Mother pay,  
Were she alive to have beheld this Day.

But thou to share her Joys do'st upwards go;

And leave'st thy Sorrows to thy Friends below.

Wretched *Asteria*! but more wretched I!

This will but raise the Sultan's rage more high.

Now *Ibrahim's* Life: for hers, too sure must pay,

And then the Christian is his certain prey.

Then

Then *Roxolana* lays her greatness down ;  
And this new Love is courted with my Crown.  
But that's a sight I must not live to see.

*Enter an Attendant of Roxolana's with a Bowl of Poison.*

*Zarma*, the Cup.

This, this my Guards shall be.

*Mirr.* Oh niadam what do you design?

*Roxol.* To die !

From scorn and shame, to peace and Heav'n I'll fly.  
No perjurd Kings, no ruine, no despair  
Come near that place—pow'r is immortal there.

*Drinks the Poison.*

*Enter Ulama.*

*Ulam.* I'll try what Vengeance joyn'd with Love can do ;  
'Tis th'only glorious Path that's left me now.  
Since my successless Zeal in your defence, [To Rox.  
And *Solyman's* rage has Banisht me from hence :  
To morrow I tow'rd *Persia* must return,  
And make the Eastern World your sufferings mourn:  
Where, if I breath my sorrow in that strain,  
As makes an Empire eccho to my pain ;  
Oh pardon what my duty does create,  
A Tribute due to *Roxolana's* Fate.

*Roxol.* You are my Friend, and, Sir to treat you so,  
Take my last secret with you when you go.  
All my long frightful danger disappears,  
I am secure from injuries and fears.  
No wicked Hand shall snatch my Diadem now,  
My Guardian Angel hovers round my Brow.

*Ulam.* Oh Madam, speak agen ;  
Say, has your Beauty his Conversion wrought ?  
Is his new Love, that Meteor-light, put out ?  
And have your brighter looks restor'd the Day ?

*Roxol.* No. my protection comes a safer way.  
A draught of Poison I have took: I scorn  
To have my glories from my Temples torn,  
And Roman like do my own Fate command.

*Ulam.* Poison'd ! and by that fair, but fatal Hand !

*Roxol.* Yet though my Death's so sure determin'd, I  
Have still one Hour of Life before I die,  
Which little blast of Life I'll use so well,  
To my false King that parting story tell,  
Shall sting his Soul !

*Ulam.* What has your fury done ?

Through those soft Veins must th'impious Poison run ?

*Roxol.* Impious ! no, Sacred was the word you meant ;  
An act so pious might become a Saint.

Honour and safety this brave work perform.

I like a Pilot see the rising Storm;

And wisely take my threaten'd glories in.

*Ulam.* Must all Mankind be punish'd for his sin?

The World's a sufferer in your Tragick Fate;

When you are dead, where's that Majestick State!

Where's Nature's Pride? their Sovereign Leader slain;

Dull Beauties then like petty States will reign.

Why to such rage was so much Beauty driven?

Was it the spight or over-sight of Heaven.

Which that bright Frame of Warring Elements built?

Such goodness in your Eyes, and in your hand such guilt.

*Roxol.* How! is't a torment to you, to behold

My greatness unconfin'd and uncontroul'd;

To be new form'd in an Ætherial Mould?

Art thou an Heir t'a Crown, and hast so mean

A fence of Honour? wert thou born to reign?

And can thy narrow Soul this Counsel give,

That *Roxolana* should her pow'r out-live?

*Ulam.* Madam, no more.

*Roxol.* When for an Act so great

The crowding Gods their Royal Guests shall meet;

And lay their brightest Glories at my Feet.

If thou shalt dare profane my memory,

And basely say I did not bravely die:

From my bright Constellation I'll look down,

And all my Stars shall blast thee when I frown

*Ulam.* Oh cease your anger, rather then I'll bring

That Curse upon me, I'll say any thing.

*Roxol.* Have I no more applause! mistaken Prince,

For once I'll stoop, thy Error to convince.

Know it has been my Honour to command

The Worlds great Lord! I have both lov'd and reign'd;

And when I see my Vassals disobey,

My long kept train of Honours shrink away;

Know, 'tis the noblest refuge of the great,

To make their lives before their glories set.

Since *Solyman's* short favours fade so soon,

I'll mount where 'tis all Summer, always Noon.

All Earthly glory does perfection want:

Here 'tis but glass; in Heaven 'tis Adamant.

*Ulam.* Hold Madam! I'm a Convert, and must own

Th' impoverish'd World so bravely you've undon,

That it must mourn, and yet admire you too.

You've done what greatness in despair shou'd do.

You'll leave your Fame immortal when you go.

A Saint above, and Heroine below.

This glorious deed, not all the Angellick Quire  
You'll meet, can praise enough, enough admire.  
But tho' your Death I can your Triumph call,  
I can applaude but not serve your fall.  
Hide not those Eyes! do not my Heav'n remove :  
Now I with Innocence may own I Love.

[Stabs himself.]

*Roxol.* Because my Deaths so near,  
Dare you thus rudely *Roxolana* treat ;  
No, guilty Prince, I'm not so little yet ;  
I've still the Pride to scorn a Slave so bold,  
In my last spark of Life I still my lightning hold.

*Ulam.* Oh do not think that I durst ever frame  
One thought or wish against your Sacred Name.  
Not one rebellious Thought durst ever rise ;  
Your Vertue was as God-like as your Eyes.  
My secret pain I did with silence bear,  
And my Devotion paid without a pray'r :  
And do you think because your Death's so nigh,  
I fear you less? No, now you stand more high ;  
Your greatness points like Mountains tow'rd's the Sky.

*Roxol.* If with such silence you your pains receiv'd,  
How dare you die more guilty than you liv'd?  
How came you now to find a Tongue?

*Ulam.* Oh now  
My love runs pure when my last blood streams too.  
To own a passion for that Face and live,  
Was more than so much Vertue could forgive.  
All this I knew, and to have pow'r to speak,  
This only way could my long silence break.  
And now I speak, I do not ask your Love ;  
Curst be th'Impiety that dares remove  
That Sacred Bond your solemn Vow's have seal'd,  
Or ask one look your Honour cannot yield.  
Yet as I'm dying, and shall beg no more,  
One blessing let my parting sighs implore.  
That little step let my ambition climb.

*Roxol.* Well Sir, yov have my Pardon for your Crime.

*Ulam.* And is my Pardon all? a little higher  
Let your poor humble dying Slave aspire.

*Roxol.* Then Prince——

*Ulam.* Oh speak!

*Roxol.* You have my pitty too.

*Ulam.* Dear divine Excellence, you've rais'd me now  
To all the joys e'er fill'd a Lovers breast?  
You cannot be more kind, nor I more blest ;  
My life did but my happiness retard :  
Who would not die when Death has this reward?

*Enter Solymán and the former Bassa.*

Her Tyrant here!

*Solym.* My Daughter kill'd in *Ibrahim's* defence ;  
How strangely am I crost by Providence !  
Yet no ill Fate can drive my Princess Image hence.  
My Vizier still must die, and love will have it so.

*Ulam.* Turn Tyrant, turn ; see what your guilt dares do.  
That Beauteous form has not an hour of Life,  
She has drank a draught of Poison ; a relief  
Against thy rage. Behold that setting light :  
And may her ruine blast thee with the sight.  
I lov'd her without hopes of a return,  
Yet I in tears of Blood her Fate cou'd mourn.  
Thou envy'd Rival, didst her Conquest boast,  
In that fair prize all Natures wealth engrost.  
Yet prodigally that curst stroke hast given,  
As looses there thy Fame, thy Soul, thy Heav'n :  
I'll tell that story of thee in the Skyes,  
Till at thy Head all their just Thunder flies.  
There Beauteous Martyr, when we meet above,  
I will pursue my never dying Love. [dyes.

*Roxol.* Oh *Sultan* ! what reward does falsehood bring ;  
What judgments persecute a Perjur'd King ?  
Your Empress dies ; your Friend and Daughter bleed,  
To pull down Vengeance on your guilty Head.  
Of the unjust Torments I have undergone,  
Heav'n has a Sence, though *Solymán* has none.

*Solym.* Why foolish Woman, have you vext the Gods,  
And set your Prophet and your King at odds ?  
Why have you wilfully fought this rash Fate,  
To ruine yours and to disturb my State :  
You might have liv'd, and liv'd uninjur'd still ;  
Your greatness safe, and unconfin'd your will.

*Roxol.* Yes Sir, I might have liv'd and liv'd to have been  
A humble Vassal to your Christian Queen.

*Solym.* Why will your Frenzy still thus blindly err ?  
What if t'a Throne the Christian I prefer,  
Must I impoverish you to enrich her ?  
You make us Monarchs very abject things,  
If greatness is but once the gift of Kings.  
I should not lessen you ; but give her pow'r,  
As your Companion, not your Successor.

*Roxol.* Do not these wild and vain excuses feign,  
Seek not such Coverts when your guilt's too plain.  
But could you make two Suns together shine,  
And her new greatness, not diminish mine ;



Hers were the true, Mine but a Pageant Crown:  
I've lost my *Sultan's* heart, my dearest Throne.  
Could we in Crowns, in that we cannot share,  
There's no dividing of an Empire there.

*Solym.* Wheatever Charms I in her Eyes descry,  
I love you still too well to see you die.

*Roxol.* You lov'd me not enough t'avert my Fate,  
Your Kindness and my Life have but one Date:  
When I lost you, I rather chose to cease  
To be at all, than ever to be less.

I liv'd so glorious, and I lov'd so well,  
That all beneath my Paradise was Hell.

*Sultan.* No more! If I am guilty, you have been  
My punisher, rash and unhappy Queen!  
But as some kind requital of your strange  
And passionate resentment of my change,  
I have this Sence of *Roxolana's* Fate,  
I will in Tears deplore her wretched State.

*Roxol.* 'Twill to my sufferings be some relief,  
If *Roxolana's* Fall can cause your grief.  
So much, dear Sir, does this kind promise ease  
My Torments, and my drooping Spirits raise;  
That of your Cruelty I'll not complain,  
But tune my dying Voice to that soft strain,  
That not one Groan shall pass; my parting Breath  
Shall stifle all the horrors of my Death;  
And treat you with the pleasures of my Life.

*Solym.* Oh how she sets my Crimes before my sight,  
And holds the mirror at too fierce a light:

*Roxol.* When I was made the Mighty *Sultan's* Bride,  
Led to the Temple in my Royal pride,  
My Coronation did so splendid shine,  
I charm'd a Nations Eyes, and you charm'd mine.  
I bow'd under the Glories which you gave;  
You crown'd my Head, but made my Heart your Slave.  
Then, then my infinite happiness began,  
Monarch was the least part of *Solyman*:  
Pow'r held the Reins, 'tis true, whilst the great Chariot ran;  
But love, the Soul of Empire sat above;  
Reigning was but an Interval to love.  
Then from your Voice I could this Musick hear:  
My *Roxollana*! Oh my charming Fair  
Angellick Sweetness, Miracle of Light;  
Pride of both Worlds, Mine, and the Gods delight!  
And whilst your love these tender sounds express,  
You clasp me thus, and leaning on my Breast  
Your languishing soft looks spoke out the rest.

*Solym.* If she proceeds at this bewitching rate,  
By Heav'n she'll make me grow Effeminate.  
Such Eloquence have Lovers when they die;  
And thus we value treasures when they fly.

*Roxol.* Nor had I passion less than *Solyman*,  
Through every Vein the pleasing Feavour ran;  
I thar'd your Thoughts, your Pains, your extasies;  
Love melted in my Heart, and dazl'd in my Eyes,  
My Raptures were so great, my Joys so high,  
That I've liv'd happy, though I wretched die.  
My Hopes, my Tears, my Prayers were all for you;  
You will scarce find a second Love so true.

*Solym.* What sudden alteration do I find?  
Vertue returns that Stranger to my mind:  
Once more its long lost right has repossest:  
Keep, keep thy seat, thou dear Celestial Guest.

*Roxol.* Your Christian Favourite sees not with my Eyes:  
She hates you, and your kind embraces flies.  
But if at last Time, Force, or Empires Charms  
Prevail to lodge her in my *Sultan's* Arms:  
It 'tis her destiny to live to see  
You false to her, as you have been to me,  
Her grief will never my despair pursue;  
She will not die to loose you as I do.

*Solym.* Kind *Roxellana*, thou hast made me good,  
Thou hast wrought a cure in my destemper'd Blood:  
Shall this great *Persian* Rival bleed? Shall he  
Who only saw, but ne'er possest like me,  
Plung'd in his Blood, a floating Victim swim?  
Shall not your loss move me, that murders him?  
And shall not Heav'n my wandering Sence recall,  
Warn'd by a Daughter's, and an Empress fall?

*Roxol.* And do I live once more to call you mine?  
What Divine change is this?

*Solym.* Yes 'tis Divine:  
My long benighted Soul is with new light array'd,  
A change more Heav'nly the great Gods ne'er made;  
Since the contending Elements they appeas'd,  
And a fair World form a wild Chaos rais'd.  
But cruel *Roxolana*, could you bring  
No gentler reasons to confute an impious King?  
What though you saw my Crimes, and knew me false?  
All Frenzy has some lucid Intervals.  
You might have liv'd till my enlightned Sence,  
Had made me just, without this violence.  
Wou'd you had try'd.

*Roxol.* All gentler means, you know, I try'd before,  
But Tears and Prayers had both too little pow'r,

*Soly.* Yes, they'd too little ; oh my torturing Pain,  
Now I remember how you weep't in vain;  
Begg'd, threaten'd, courted, with such eloquence,  
As ought t' have vanquish'd my too brutal Sence.  
Such tender words you spoke, as might inspire  
More softness than the famous *Thracian* Lyre :  
Whose harmony the Lyons rage subdu'd,  
Tam'd the wild Herds, and charm'd th' Infernal God.  
But my more Hellish rage obdurate prov'd,  
By Tears unmelted, and by pray'rs unmov'd.

*Roxol.* Be not disturb'd ; what though I wanted pow'r  
To make you just, till in this latest Hour,  
I'm pleas'd in Death to have your Conquest wrought.

*Soly.* It is a Victory too dearly bought.

Bid that Inchantress and her Favourite,  
Strait leave my Court ; my Empire from my sight  
For ever be remov'd : bid 'em make haste,  
They cannot fly too far, nor move too fast :  
So distant may she be, that not the sound  
Of *Isabella* my just ears may wound.

[Exit. Bassa.]

I'd not converse so much as with her Fame,  
Nor live within the hearing of her Name.

*Roxol.* Oh I'm all fire.

The raging Poyson does my Heart-strings seize,  
And on a burning Throne the Tyrant plays.  
Within, within I bear my Funeral flame ;  
Yet since my fall does *Solyman* reclaim ;  
Since dying, I my *Sultan's* heart regain,  
This dear Conversion takes off all my pain :  
Wing'd with that Bliss, my Soul Triumphant flies :  
Prepare ye Gods, for *Roxolana* Dies.

[Dyes.]

*Soly.* Prepare ye Gods ! to grace your Stars, she's gone.  
A brighter Saint ne'er fill'd a Heav'nly Throne.

Enter Ibrahim and Isabella.

*Ibrab.* Great, Sir, though you've restor'd my Princess, given  
Me all the wealth I cou'd have beg'd of Heav'n.  
The dismal story of your sufferings  
So damps my frighted Soul, such horror brings,  
That from great *Solyman* I cannot part,  
Till at his Feet I lay a bleeding Heart.

*Soly.* Draw nearer *Ibrahim*, and blast thine Eyes.

*Ibrab.* Here cruel Fate, the mighty Victim lies.  
My happy Love can little Triumph boast,  
Gaining so much when you so much have lost.

*Soly.* For this kind loyal pity thou hast shown,  
In all my Kingdoms choose thy self a Throne.

*Ibrab.*

*Ibrab.* Sir ! for that proffer'd Throne thus low I bow,  
But must refuse the Royal Gift ; For now  
A Christian Coronet best fits my brow.

There I'll be happy, if I can be so,  
Leaving my King a Mourner when I go.

*Isabel.* Is this great *Roxolana* ! was so fair  
A Palace built to entertain despair ?

Is there that Man that could that God-like Creature wrong ;  
Withdraw that Heart such Charms had seal'd so long ?

Had you a thousand Crimes, and every sin  
More horrid than your broken Vows have been ;  
By what you've lost in this unhappy stroke,  
Heav'n at one blow a full revenge has took.

*Solym.* Speak not a word, nor cast one look this way,  
I would not have thee lead one thought astray.

Thou fatal Cause——but ev'n to speak's a sin,  
Thine *Roxollana*, now I'll be all thine.

*Ibrab.* Success at last our mutual Wishes win,  
But by such Scenes of horror usher'd in.

The way to Love's like that to Paradise,  
The roughest Path lead's to the greatest Bliss.

[*Exeunt Ibrahim and Isabella.*]

*Solym.* Since loves soft Pleasures in thy Fall must end,  
In Wars my last remains of Life I'll spend :  
Vertue, thy Gift, I'll to the World proclaim,  
And dedicate my Trophies to thy Name.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## F I N I S.

Books Printed for *Tho. Chapman*, at the *Golden Key*, over-  
against the *Meuse*, near *Charing-Cross*.

**M** *Acbbeth*, a Tragedy.

*Theodosius*, a Tragedy.

*Sophonisba*, or *Haniball's Overtrow*. These two by *Nat. Lee*.

*Oedipus King of Thebes*. By *Mr. Dryden* and *Mr. Lee*.

*Abdelazer*, or *the Moors Revenge*. By *Mrs. Behn*.

*Country Witt*. By *Mr. Crown*.

*Ibrahim*, or *the Illustrious Bassa*.

*Pastor fido*, or *the Faithful Shepherd*.

*Heir of Morocco*, or *the Death of Gayland*. These three by *Mr. Settle*.

